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SKETCHES  
OF OUR  
WESTERN SEA COAST

BY  
ISAAC C. MORRIS.

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*Being an account of our country from St. John's to Bonne Bay, in which  
is given a description of its scenery, and the customs of the people,  
with narratives of importance and local interest.*

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TO KNOW OUR COUNTRY IS TO LOVE HER MORE.

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.:  
PRINTED BY GEORGE B. MILLIGAN, JR.  
1894

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X

SKETCHES

WESTERN SEA COAST

ISAAC C. MORRIS

Entered according to the Act of the Legislature of Newfoundland, in the year 1893, by

**ISAAC C. MORRIS,**

At the Colonial Secretary's office, Newfoundland.

TO KNOW OUR COUNTRY IS TO LOVE HER MORE

TO THE

**HON. JAMES J. ROGERSON,**

**FRIEND OF MY EARLY LIFE, I DEDICATE THIS PAMPHLET, ON BEHALF OF  
THE INTERESTS OF MY COUNTRY, IN ALL THAT PERTAINS TO HER  
WELFARE, IN GOVERNMENT, TRADE AND COMMERCE.**

**ISAAC C. MORRIS.**

**If I have any politics, they are expressed in these pages ; and if I have any religion,  
it is here also.**

1893, by

### ***AUTHOR'S STATEMENT.***

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THE last few chapters of this pamphlet were not thought on at first, but they all pertain to us as a people, and it is hoped the reader will feel satisfied with them. It has been all written on my own responsibility, and nothing is stated on which there has been a shadow of doubt. From my diary and memory it has been all composed, and no other book was opened on its behalf while writing. The reader will please bear in mind, when perusing the chapter on "elections," in which I speak of being at Trinity, that my visit there was *personal*, and not *official*, and that it had *nothing whatever* to do with my western trip, on which this pamphlet is written.

To Capt. Delaney and his chief officer, Mr. Lewis, I here tender my hearty thanks for the useful information they both gave me, from chart and land.

## INTRODUCTION.

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Every human being has before him some object. We live with a purpose, and as we aim, so will we strike. The same holds good with books. Like men, they ever increase, and then become worn out, and are laid aside. We have heard it said that there are too many people in the world. On this we express no opinion; but sometimes think that there are too many books, half of which are unstudied and unread. And yet, with this fact of an over-stocked market, we venture to launch this pamphlet to receive perusal from the reading public.

It has but one object, which is, perhaps, two-fold, viz., to create a greater interest in our "Island Home," by reminding ourselves that in addition to her history, she has scenery, and in addition to her scenery, she has also fertility. To learn this and occupy a leisure hour, is the purpose of this pamphlet.

Comparatively few persons are privileged to travel and see for themselves; and it is with this thought that the following pages are placed in the market. There is no claim laid to greatness, but if our people can be influenced to think more of their land, then the writer will feel well repaid for having penned a diary, while visiting the quiet homes of outport life. The history of the country has been well written by such men as Pedley, Howley, Harvey and Pilot; and to fully understand their work, and appreciate its value, requires thought and study.

The few incidents recorded in these pages may renew an interest in their productions, and thus all tend to advance the forward movement of the land we love.

The world its history hath,  
And Newfoundland is part thereof:  
And therefore hath some history, too,

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE START.

Many of us know what it is to leave home for some unknown place. At such times various ideas crowd the mind, and we let our thoughts run on in forecast as to where we are going and what we will really see. This is more especially the case with those who have not travelled far, and have but faint ideas of the great world in which they live. The familiarity of travelling from town to town, or place to place, takes from the traveller much of the novelty, and to a certain extent lessens his sense of observation, because he becomes so accustomed to change, that in the end, he passes almost unheedingly by what in the beginning would have aroused his attention and called forth his enquiry.

Between the commencing of a journey and the ending thereof, there is a great difference. From the former we look out in fancy on what we know not, nor have ever seen, from the latter we look back and see from memory that which we have realized. One is prospective, the other retrospective. One was to be, the other has been. Our position now is that of the former; we are going where we have not before been, to engage in humane work, to stand before strange people, and strike a chord which must vibrate in years to come. In performing this work it is necessary to visit the harbors and homes of our fisher folk, and while doing so we see around us the scenes, and learn the facts recorded in these lines. They were future to us, now they are past, but still they are before us; as one writer well says :

" I looked for a past,  
And lo ! it had gone before."

After little necessary preparations, the day has come to make a start, and the quiet seclusion of home life is left, to step out on the more troubled waters of public life. It is the first day of July. Our good ship is the *Grand Lake*, commanded by a crew worthy of their trusty position. It is one of those fine, clear summer days, which every one appreciates with

complimentary remarks and smiling faces. We are standing on the ship's deck when the shrill sound of the steam whistle screams in our ears, reminding us that the hour of starting has come. There is a stir on deck, and the passengers keep the ship, while their friends shake hands and step on shore. We have often thought and looked upon such a scene as this, remembering that some will not meet again for years, while others may never do so. But such is human life, and in coming and going, meeting and parting, we fill out its time, ever hastening to the end when the voyage shall be accomplished, and we drop anchor in the silence of the grave.

But why this reverie? We are on the start, with work before us to be accomplished. Our aim then will be to do it well, and thus prove worthy of the mission placed in charge. Our ship now moves, her mighty engine throbs like some strong giant in a struggle. Her bow is turned, and 'neath the summer sun we glide from scenes familiar, realizing that for our work we have made "The Start."

The calm seclusion of the quiet home we now have left,  
And stepped out in the ranks of public men;  
Who, for their work, receive as part of pay  
The verdict of a slanderous tongue.

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## CHAPTER II.

### ON SHIP-BOARD.

Years have passed away since last we found ourselves a passenger on board a royal mail boat, when returning from a trip to the neighboring province of Nova Scotia. Those who were interested in that voyage have long since been lost in life's daily bustle, and the intervening time has constructed the bridge over which we have crossed to join our present company. We are all strangers to each other, therefore our first duty is to look around and learn who are our fellow-passengers. In doing so we find a mixed company, composed of men and women representing the various calls of life. From church and state, trade and commerce, home and school. We are now fellow-travellers with a common interest in the ship's welfare, and are somewhat desirous to reach in safety our desired haven ; therefore the ship's speed is commented upon by all on board. In interest we are one, but diverse in recreation, and though on the same ship there is a world of difference in the experience of the passengers. As varied as are our faces, so also are our modes of occupation. Some play music, while others respond in hearty song, some avail of the library, while others lounge and sleep. Some play cards, while mostly all indulge the pipe, and draw within their mouths its smoke, then puff it out because there is no place for it within the man. But all are occupied and therefore happy, while onward speeds our gallant ship; with land and rock to starboard, and in the port the broad Atlantic deep. The situations and surroundings present ample opportunity for reflection on the part of those who are given to observation. The heaving sea, dotted here and there with ships like distant specks ; the passing flock of sea birds, now diving and again rising like a living cloud ; the rocks and islands all around our coast, with each its own dark tale ; the vaulted blue o'er head and murmuring deep beneath all give to any man the food on which his mind can well improve, and

cause his soul to say, with David, in the Book: "All thy works praise Thee, O Lord." Sea travelling becomes to most people a monotony; but this can easily be broken by change which is not available in coach or railway. The discipline of the ship, the changing watch, the striking bell, the hissing steam pipes, the regularity of the meals—all connected into one, by social, mirthful laughter—results in making passenger life a little world within itself. With these surroundings, we let our thoughts run back to olden times, when colonization first began, and feel afresh the dreary voyages of those who left their homes and pioneered the lands we now enjoy. By this time we are fairly started on our journey. A good beginning has been made, and as we talk to some on board about the work in hand, we begin to feel that with us beat the truest hearts, and for us are the church's prayers. Yet some are cold; but all agree that lasting good will be the result of temperance reform.

Our ship speeds on, and we begin to learn,  
That Newfoundland much larger is  
Than we at first had thought.

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CHAPTER III.

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## FROM ST. JOHN'S TO PLACENTIA.

It would be superfluous to say much about this part of our coast, as it is fairly well known by most of our people. It is the boundary line of the Peninsula of Avalon, including what is known as the Southern Shore. In the various harbors are to be found neat and comfortable homes, where women with their children dwell; while the bread-winner pushes off to seek the uncertain harvest of the sea. There are many pleasing features in these places to attract the stranger's attention, chiefest among which ranks the school-house, with not far off the church edifice—the latter being constructed on various styles of architecture, but somewhat alike in having spires pointing heaven-ward. The social and religious condition of our people are much the same the land over, so that when we see one place a fair conception of others can be formed.

The settlements along this shore have been all built up by the rich fisheries of the past century. To look at them shows that some one has persevered and reaped a rich reward. Dwelling houses and stores have been erected at great cost and much labor, and the accumulations of the present indicate the prosperity of the past. But there is an apparent change, for signs of decay are in many places visible, showing that further increase of population is almost impossible. The answer to the cause of this, is found by remembering, that the shore fishery which was once so abundant in these parts of the island, is now almost a thing of the past. Hence, the present state of trade, is so weak that it has hardly a pulse to indicate life, in comparison to the trade and fisheries of thirty years ago.

Like other parts of our sea-coast, this too has its history, and stands prominently foremost in the records of shipping disasters. Here have

struck in storm and fog, some of the staunchest ships ever launched from British dockyards—from the richly-laden merchantman to the human-freighted passenger boat ; from the majestic barque to the small schooner. From various ports on each side of the Atlantic, countless ships have sailed, and shaped their course for Cape Race light ; but having lost their reckoning they missed the mark, and stranding were swallowed up by angry waves and buried in oblivion. Some one has well said that our coast is a burial place of ships. We can remember some of these disasters ourselves, and while passing Mobile take an extra look at Great Island, the place where, about twelve years ago, the steamship *Flavian* struck, and was only floated off at great cost and skilful perseverance.

Somewhat beyond this place, at the entry of Renew, is to be seen the island on which, three years ago, the disaster of the total loss of a Norwegian barque occurred, by running on it while under full sail ; resulting in the loss of all the crew, numbering some eighteen men, with the exception of one young lad, who was rescued next day at great peril, by some daring fishermen of the place, who were afterwards rewarded with the sum of six dollars each as a memento of their bravery. The man who threw the rope to the lad while on the rock was\*passenger with us to Renew, and from him these facts were learned in detail. Such heroism speaks volumes for the true nobility of our fishermen. These and other disasters effected homes far from Newfoundland, and while the great world forgets them, some one still ponders them. But we, too, have had our share in these tales of destruction—for some ships have foundered near the land they wished to make. Therefore, while writing of the disaster of Renew Island, we cannot pass over that of Renew Rock. It is of direct local interest, having brought to homes in St. John's the sad knell of the death-bell. We are familiar with the sight of ships coming and going, and very little attention is paid to them outside of business circles. It is only when some accident occurs that the public become concerned.

It is now about twenty-two years ago since the topsail schooner *Memento*, commanded by captain Auckendoe, left this place, with every prospect of all going well, but in a few hours after struck this rock which we now look upon. No one escaped to tell the tale, and its mystery is

yet unsolved. We knew some of that crew, and as the scene of their loss is passed by we bear in mind that we were then but boys, and thought not much of their tragic end, but now that manhood's duties fall upon us, we look at the spot with a sort of revived sorrow. They lie with many others in the caverns of the deep, but are within reach of the trumpet call, at the sound of which the sea shall give up her dead. With these observations we close this chapter, and endeavor to tell our tale in few words :

We leave St. John's behind,  
And pass the intervening coast ;  
To take a closer view  
Of La Plasiance.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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### PLACENTIA.

We have all heard more or less of Placentia. Our Christmas numbers have described it in word, and pictured it in plate, and as we look at it from our ship's deck, in the stillness of the Sabbath morning, we say Amen to all the past. We knew it to be historic, but now see it is also romantic. Its fine houses, ancient church, and beautiful large chapel, (R.C.) present such a picture as well becomes the stillness of the sacred morn. Placentia presents a majestic scene—with everywhere a picturesque background, which, to look upon it, is romantic in the extreme. Many of its natural surroundings are worthy of note and observation. Among its own local objects of interest is the beautiful beach, presenting a wavey appearance, and composed of round and oval stones in myriad numbers. Here stood at an earlier period one of the French barracks, which has long ago fallen to the ground, leaving as the only mark of existence the mounds which have grown over its foundation walls.

Next in local interest may be mentioned the deep inland arms, running in opposite directions, and lending the appearance of scenic beauty. The entrance is somewhat narrow, and therefore the tide in rising and falling is seen to good advantage, as it rushes along with great rapidity. To stand on either side of the harbor and watch these waters, almost madly rushing on to the mighty sea for six hours, then turning in their course and as rapidly rushing back, would alone be worth a visit to this place. But there are other objects of interest for the observant visitor of a still more important nature, as well as being of historic character. We have trodden the great level beach, and looking across the water from it, we see the memorable mountain height, known as Castle Hill, and renowned as being the site on which once stood, in bold defiance to the enemy, the stronghold called Fort Louis. This, like all other marks of

French occupation, has also fallen into decay, the foundation walls being the only portion now remaining. The masonry shows them to have been well and substantially built; and as one stands by and muses of their past, the imagination lingers awhile with the men who built them, and from these heights stood watch by night and day. This gigantic work of the past now lies in ruin; the voice of command is no more heard, the form of drilled and disciplined men no more seen. It is all of the past, its day of glory o'er, and nature's music once more sings its requiem, undisturbed by human intrusion. Dismantled are its mighty guns, having long ceased to sound forth their dismal boom of destruction, they now find a last resting place on the hillside, where once they reigned in war-like terror. From this elevation a very good view of Placentia can be had, and the visitor should not leave the place without climbing the height of Castle Hill.

The next place of importance to the stranger is the church, at once presenting a picture, both ancient and quaint. This building is the oldest in the colony—it being constructed in England and brought out for erection on its present site. But very little of the original building now remains, as repairs have been effected at different times to such an extent, as to leave nothing of the former. It is said that the pulpit is the only part of the original structure which was brought from England by His Royal Highness Prince William. It is of the old style, and as we stood in it we tried to imagine, who were the preachers of its day, and where the people to whom they preached. The answer to these musings is found on the spot, where around the old building stand and lie the tombstones, marking the resting place of these people's bodies, their souls having returned to God who gave them.—(*Eccles*).

These stones date back into centuries, the oldest being over two hundred years erected. It is now lying on the floor of the old church, and in addition to its inscription has chisled on it the most important facts of our Lord's life. For His birth there is the star and manger; for His death the cross and ladder, spear and nails, with other emblems of His public ministry. We had heard and read of this stone from different authors, and had made up our minds to go and see it for ourselves if ever an opportunity offered.

Prince William not only gave the church but also the books for public worship. These are very large, consisting of Bible, prayer book and

psalter. They show the best of care, and are in a perfect state of preservation. These books can be seen at the residence of Mr. Albert Bradshaw, who proved very obliging to the inquiring visitors. In addition to the books, are the silver plates, or communion service; also presented by His Royal Highness. They are genuine in quality, and bear the following inscription: Presented to the Protestant Church of "Placentia, by His Royal Highness Prince William, 1787." We were informed that some of the church authorities wished this service to be transferred to St. John's, but a difference of opinion existed about the matter, and as they were presented to Placentia it was decided to leave them there. It may be here added, that the psalter was the present of a private gentleman, of the same date, whose name we have forgotten, and having lost our note book failed to recall. Among the names of Placentia, those of O'Reilly, Bradshaw and Croucher; stand foremost. They rank among its first English inhabitants, and still stand in the front for church and state. They are open, frank people, ever ready to extend the right hand of brotherhood to the passing stranger.

Before closing this chapter we deem it advisable to remind the reader that Placentia is well worth a visit, and should he possess the gift of pencil or brush, he will there find more scenes than one worthy of his genius. It has had its place in the national history of the country. It has done its part in the prosecution of the fisheries: but there is yet a brighter future for it. If what we have heard of its hidden mineral resources be near correct, then the day must come when Placentia will resound with the hum of busy men, turning to profit invested capital. Already the whistle of the iron horse is heard, therefore we hope that soon our picture will be realized.

Historic in the past, we love it still;  
But nature's charm is greater than its history.

CHAPTER V.

A PASSING GLANCE AT PLACENTIA BAY.

From Placentia our course leads us to Burin. But between these places is the bay itself, part of which the writer visited on his return trip. On this occasion we find ourselves on board the s.s. *Alert*, under command of Captain Bonia. New passengers are here met with, and a passing acquaintance soon formed.

In cruising this bay, many small, secluded places are visited, and the entry of the little steamer is certainly an event satisfactory to the people. A stranger looking at these hamlets from his ship's deck cannot but pay a tribute to the memory of the men and women who first settled in these out-of-the-way places. Even now they are out of the way; but how much more so must they have been before the introduction of steam into our public mail service.

Such names as Oderin, Presque, Bain Harbor, Beau Bois, Flat Islands and Merasheen, are familiar to the travelling public. But there is one name that always aroused our curiosity, even to such a degree as to cause us to feel like paying a visit to the spot. Some one has said "that there is a power in a name;" and we sometimes think that a man's name effects his character. Be this as it may, we will not here digress to speak of it.

From early life we had heard of Paradise in Placentia Bay. This name being such as filled our minds with ideas of things heavenly, our thoughts therefore led us to fancy that any place with such a name would present a pleasing appearance. We expected to see something worthy the name. But our conclusions were formed on a wrong basis; for instead of the name being indicative of its beauty, we soon learned that it was called Paradise because it was a very hard place to get into. Still we wished to see it. It was night-time when this much-thought-of place was entered. The passengers—like the virgins in the gospel parable—all slumbered and slept. There was one passenger at least who intended to arise from his slumbers when this place was reached, so that he may behold Paradise. Imagine his feelings when—to use a nautical expression—on turning out

at an early hour to enquire for this supposed beautiful place, he was gently informed that the ship had been into it an hour before. He remarked to the steward that he had long wished to see Paradise, thinking that from its name it was some sort of a heaven. The steward began to smile, and responded by saying, "that if heaven was not a better place than that, it would be better to stay on board the s.s. *Alert* than go there."

This finished the Paradise business, at the same time remembering that some years ago we had read of it from the pen of the late Father Morris, who also described it as being thus named, owing to its difficult entry. Some of our readers are undoubtedly acquainted with Placentia Bay, and therefore a prolonged account would be unnecessary as well as uninteresting.

Suffice it to say, that in all its harbors are to be seen the fruits of industry and honest toil. Cut off as they are from the outside world, they contain within themselves the marks of endurance, perseverance and taste. We admire the stillness of these secluded spots, but still lean with greater longing to the home of the metropolis. Not that we think lightly of nature's scenes, but we have learned to be busy Christians, and therefore find plenty to do in city life. Yet our thoughts often run out to the men who labor for the physical and spiritual welfare of the people. Their duties are arduous, sometimes having to face blinding snowdrifts with an unbroken path stretching out before them. By sea as well as land they have to travel, enduring the hardships and encountering the dangers of these waters by day and night. Such men are found in most of our outports, and their hardships can only be imagined by seeing the places they have in their extensive missions. With such sacrifice and labor on the behalf of the people, we sometimes think that these faithful servants of God and humanity should be better paid than they really are. Very many of our people have learned to enjoy a cheap Christianity, which leaves the church property in debt and allows the pastor but a small salary. We have met some who remind us of the man who stood up in a meeting to give his experience, and did so by saying: "He could recommend Christianity because he had tried it for two years, and it only cost him forty cents."

The writer sometimes feels like doubling the salaries of every under-paid clergymen of all denominations in the land; but for the present he must rest satisfied with only feeling like it. But he may yet be rich enough to do something practical for those men of God.

We have strayed from our starting point, but must close this chapter and leave this bay, although a Paradise be in it, and hasten on to the next place of importance.

Scattered our people are around our shores,  
But still their wants are well supplied,  
By men well fitted for such work.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BURIN.

The entry to Burin is very fascinating. In every direction is to be seen a hill top, reminding the beholder of so many conical-pointed tents. He almost feels like asking, "Between which of these lies Burin?" But the mystery is soon solved, for while the hill tops are viewed, the harbor, or rather harbors of the place open out before him. It is a large place, but greatly cut up by water, and is well adapted to the prosecution of the fishery. Much of the business which in other places is done by land, has to be done by water, hence the ferryman is often called into service. The land is very hilly and not at all suited to agricultural purposes. Nevertheless, there are some beautiful patches on which are some happy homesteads, where peace and unity dwell. It was the writer's privilege to be entertained at some of the hearths, where song and laughter, comfort and plenty present a pleasing contrast to the steep and rugged heights of the vicinity.

Large churches, with comfortable school houses, show that the people are well provided with the means of religious and educational training. In addition to these are also some commodious halls, where, from time to time, the people meet to advocate the principles of their different societies. On the whole, Burin presents a satisfactory condition; and we can only wish them a continuation of their present success. Among its business people may be mentioned such names as Bishop and Collins, Inkpen and Vigus, Brien and Morris, Brushett and Hollett. These, with a few others, have always taken a prominent part in the general trade and shipping of the country.

While here we avail of the opportunity of climbing the height called "Man-o'-War Hill. From this eminence the whole ground can be taken in, for like its companion at Placentia, it gives the climber the privilege of "viewing the landscape o'er." On the top of this hill is a large rock which

bears on it the initials of many visitors. Some of them date well back, but most of them are obliterated and greatly defaced. At the request of our guide, Mr. John E. Collins, we followed in the line of our predecessors, and scratched upon the stone our initials also.

Among other objects which attracted our attention while at Burin, may be mentioned the relics of the s.s. *Hercules*. This boat, for a quarter of a century, did useful service for the country and trade in general. Often entering this very harbor in triumph, 'neath flying flags and full steam ahead. But all things sublunary have an end, and so the s.s. *Hercules*. For years she conquered the elements of wind and water by the use of fire under man's control. But in an unguarded moment the flame leaps beyond its limits, and soon holds sway over the strong boat. In despair the hope of saving her is abandoned, and being beached, she burns to the water's edge, where now lie stranded her keel and oaken bottom, bearing amidships the iron walls of her engine room, her smoke-stack having fallen on the shore. Her charred timbers reminded us of the end of human life, when after battling the vicissitudes thereof, we too shall rest by the wayside of life's great highway.

With the voyage o'er,  
And rest at last obtained,

## CHAPTER VII.

## LEAVES FROM OUR DIARY.

*Sunday, July 2nd.*—The shrill sound of the steamer's whistle tells the passengers that their place is on board, for mail boats, like time and tide, wait on no man. At 3:20 p.m. we leave Burin and arrive at St. Lawrence at 4.40. We have the privilege of going on shore in the mail boat and shaking hands with some of the people. By looking round we notice that things are on the decline, and in great need of resuscitation. The place is pretty, and if any business could be worked whereby the people would find employment, there is room and site for a handsome town or city. But now things seem to be very dull and rather tend to retrograde than advance. In two hours from here we arrived at Lamaline, and for a few minutes stand upon its shore. It is an attractive place: its long beaches and level land, dotted around with the dwellings of the people, presents such a view as pleases the eye and elevates the mind. Its present prospects are not great, but a brighter future is hoped for. From this place is to be seen in the distance the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, memorable in past history, and still historic in relation to the Bait Act. The mantle of night is now upon us, and at ten o'clock the state room is sought for balmy sleep. During the night our ship called into Fortune and Grand Bank—two of the most important centres of trade on the western coast. Here are fine schools and buildings, and the independence and business ability of its people are too well established to need any remarks whatever.

*Monday, July 3rd.*—At an early hour we arrive at St. Jacques, and receive a hearty welcome from such men as Burke, Clinton, Farrell, and others. The homes of this harbor show independence and comfort to a great degree. Among the various things which we notice is the very excellent quality of building stone, being very easy of access by way of quarrying. It is hoped by the people that this stone will yet add to the trade and independence of the settlement.

Three miles distant from St. Jacques is Belloram, which presents to the stranger a very crowded appearance. The houses are grouped together, forming a compactness not often seen in outports. The harbor is formed by a beach of circular shape, on the extremity of which is erected a light house or harbor light. Like many other parts of our land it has its own history, and the marks of former occupation are here and there to be seen. The name of Cluett is very familiar here, it being persons of this name who first settled on its shores. Their home was formerly at Port-aux-Basque, from which place they were driven by an American privateer. The country here is very hilly, but some good gardens are to be met with. In that of Mr. Cluett we saw the best crop of gooseberries that had come under our notice for many years, and also a very fine apple tree raised from an apple seed.

One of the most interesting spots in small villages is that of the cemetery, where lie buried the first settlers. Among the old storm-beaten stones are to be found some of ancient date and wise inscription. From one of these the following lines were copied, believing that they contained in them a philosophy worthy the wisdom of the ancients. This stone was erected to the memory of Thomas Miller, who died of scinility :

"Man's strong desire of life we daily see,  
And few who view this place would change with me ;  
Yet, serious reader tell me which is best,  
The toilsome journey or the traveller's rest."

With these lines from the old tombstone we will close the chapter of Leaves from our Diary.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HARBOR BRITON.

The name of Harbor Britain is familiar to business circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Here is conducted the extensive trade of Newman & Co., who for the greater part of this century have figured largely in the prosecution of the fisheries. This firm can be ranked with the oldest commercial names of Newfoundland. Their ships class among the smartest of our fleet, and have filled an important position in our foreign markets. The mercantile premises are very spacious, and are laid out with great regularity. So far we have not seen any other that can compare with them for space and regularity. One glance shows that a most extensive business was at one time carried on—while a second also shows that curtailment has begun and is continuing. What the mainspring is to a watch, so has the firm of Newman & Co. been to Harbor Briton, including a large area of Fortune Bay. Hundreds of fishermen and their families have dealt there, and outside of their yearly dealings with the firm, they know very little about the world. Some of these we have talked to, and know that their interests are identical with this large concern, and we fail to see what these people will do should this firm close down. They are fishing folk, and have been born and trained to look to the sea for a livelihood. They are into the system of yearly accounts to such an extent that it is part of their nature, and almost part of their creed. Like many spots along our shore, this has its scenery. Its high hills continuing far in the distance; its deep, dark waters running far inland, enhanced by nature's green foliage all around, present a picture worthy the painter's canvas. Here, with other portions of the bay, the rugged hills are well nigh enchanting, and as they are gazed upon, we begin to think how little we really know of "This Newfoundland of Ours."

In connection with Harbor Briton may be mentioned Gaultois, as being one in business relations. It is a small place, and one almost wonders why people ever settled there. At the entry of the harbor is a

very small light-house, from which projects a sort of tramway, for the purpose of running out the light. This house is entered by very steep steps leading from the cliff at the back. The water is also very deep, so that our ship passed close by. On the hillside stands a flagstaff, with a platform underneath, on which rest three cannons, pointing to the sea in bold defiance. By the kindness of Mr. LeMercier we were taken over to the oil house, where was moored a large whale, sixty-nine feet long, and already undergoing the process of sculping. Here are to be seen whales' jaw-bones and tail-bones in every direction, well whitened by the scorching sun and bleaching winds of half a century. Our ship did not haul in, but transhipped her freight to the brig *Chanticleer*. This vessel is one of the oldest in the colony's trade, having been running for over fifty years, but was last year condemned as being unseaworthy. In passing out from this place is to be seen Hermitage Cove, where is a stone church, that was prepared and fitted in England by the firm of Newman & Co., and then brought out and erected on its present site. This bay and place is well named, for everything in connection with it is indicative of a hermit's life.

While passing in and out these places the weather was very fine, and nature arrayed in her best garments. We saw everything to advantage from the sunny side of the situation. The waters were placid and still, and the men in their frail boats seemed to have an easy time of it. But in imagination we changed the scene, and saw these same waters rising and swelling until they broke in maddened fury upon the shore. These boats now safe we saw tossed and buffeted at the mercy of the elements. Their crews we saw driven to their wit's end, and as we gazed at this awful contrast, we felt it our duty to join in the prayer for "all who go down to the sea in ships and do business upon the great waters."

Frail are the boats, but strong the hearts  
Of those who in them fish.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIBUTE TO OUR FISHERMEN.

In coasting our sea shore the scenes vary, sometimes there is bold rock, at others nature's green. Here we see the effects of volcanic eruption and there level plains of rich alluvial soil. While the mainland presents this appearance, the sea is somewhat different, for everywhere are to be seen the fishing boats, with their hardy crews, jigging for their watery prize. Their calling is truly precarious. As we look at them from our ship's deck we feel like helping them, and wonder why so many have clung to the rocks and barren spots so long, while near them lies land untouched and uncultivated. While we gaze our memory serves us: it reminds us that years ago, when thinking on what we now behold, we took our pen and gave expression to the following lines, entitled,

"OUR FISHERMEN."

We who live on Terra Firma;  
 Blest with warmth and rest and home,  
 Little think upon our fishers  
 Tossed on ocean's angry foam.  
 While we sit around our fireside,  
 Safe and happy, dry and warm,  
 Oft forget our fellow landmen,  
 Rocked by every passing storm.  
 We forget to think upon them,  
 Yea! forget for them to pray,  
 While they're toiling, toiling, toiling,  
 From their loved one's far away.  
 Do we think how hard they labour,  
 While we rest at home in ease;  
 They are rowing, pulling, trawling,  
 On the broad and heaving seas.  
 Oh! if we could sometimes see them,  
 In their schooners, skiffs and yawls,  
 Heaving up their lengthy cables,  
 Putting out their many trawls.

We would say, "Well done our fishers,  
Worthy of your country's thanks,  
Bringing in to Terra Nova  
Treasures from our stormy banks."

These lines are descriptive of the prosecution of our bank fisheries.  
The following alludes to shore fishing:—

See the fisher on the ocean,  
From his homestead far away,  
Toiling on a world of motion,  
Ere the breaking dawn of day.  
Early has he left his pillow,  
Labouring while the oar he plies;  
Tossed and tossed by many a billow,  
As he seeks his watery prize.  
Watch him as the daylight brightens,  
When the night has passed away,  
And the sun the heavens lightens  
Into glorious, beauteous day.  
And you'll find that hard he labours,  
While he plies his hook and line,  
In the midst of many dangers,  
Though o'er head the sun may shine.  
Yes! our fishers push out boldly,  
Often when the winds are high,  
Shrilly whistling past them, coldly,  
Telling that a storm is nigh.  
Then looking round, he sees the billows,  
Turning white with seething foam—  
He must then reef down his canvas,  
Reel his lines and steer for home.  
But before he gains the harbor,  
Where his loved ones wait and pray,  
He must face the ocean's dangers—  
Sail across its angry spray

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus it is with all our fishers—  
 Toiling hard, and toiling late :  
 Working for an honest living,  
 Struggling hard against their fate.

Yet their work is truly noble,  
 Bringing treasures to the shore,  
 Giving to the world its dainties,  
 Every season, o'er and o'er.

Honour, then, unto our fishers,  
 Whose hardy toils are truly great ;  
 Honour to them, and a blessing  
 From the people, church and state.

May every voyage on which they enter,  
 Safe and good and prosperous be :  
 May they all return in safety  
 From the dangers of the sea.

## CHAPTER. X.

## FROM HARBOUR BRITON TO ENGLISH HARBOUR.

In his lecture on Labrador, at the Star of the Sea Hall, Dr. Grenfell stated, "that of all the harbours he had seen in connection with his mission this side the water, not one equalled Saint John's for beauty of entry."

We have not yet seen the Northern part of our island, and therefore accept the doctor's statement. But we have seen Southern and Western parts, and there beheld channels and entries far surpassing St. John's narrows; not in height so much as in nature's varied charms.

To go to Harbor Briton and stand near the harbor light, will present a scene not soon to be forgotten. From this situation, either behind or before you, to the right or to the left, up to the vaulted heaven or down at the deep, dark water, the beholder will see that the entry to this place is romantic in the extreme, while the opening of Jersey Harbor gives a relief which St. John's entry lacks.

The business of Jersey Harbor is all of the past. The firm of the same name having dwindled into insignificance. At the entrance is to be seen the marble monument, erected in memory of Mr. Chapman, the gentleman who for many years conducted the business. We were not given to understand that he was buried there; but rather that this spot was the place where he spent most of his leisure hours, at evening time and on Sundays.

It was while sailing out of this harbor, two years ago, that the Rev. Mr. Howe, with his little daughter and boatman, were drowned, by the capsizing of their boat with a sudden squall. The land here is very high, and a ship from that direction would strike with great force.

When the journey is continued by land to Little Bay, where a visit was paid to the residence of Mr. Rose. After a short stay, a dory is boarded, and strong arms, at the impulse of willing hearts, pull us across Bay de Lu to Combe's Cove. Here much kindness is shown by Mr. Upward, C. of E. school teacher, and Miss Fiander, with whose father he boarded. From here we push on to Boxey, and then to Mose Ambrose

and English Harbour. The scenery from Harbor Briton here is well worthy the time of the tourist. There is something in these green slopes which will yet benefit the people, if they look a little more to them. All along the road are views and scenery of which we really know nothing. But such places are for a purpose, and must one day resound with the voices of merry children. Either some of this ground must be worked or depopulation set in.

It is gratifying to notice that in all these places the people are turning their attention to the land. At Harbour Briton and right along the line to English Harbor, the tinkling of the bells tell us that cattle are grazing, with nimble sheep not far off. Hence milk, with the best of fresh butter, is laid before the visitor, while in the homes are to be seen revolving spinning wheels. Little girls are busily engaged knitting stockings, etc., for their fathers and brothers, who are thus warmly clad for the hardships of a fisherman's life. Milk and butter, with warm, thick underclothing, go a long way in making our outport home comfortable. These can be obtained by our people becoming determined to have them, and exerting themselves in the right direction. When sometimes looking at fishermen taking their summer supplies, we have wondered why they would require so much hosiery and cuffs, guernsies and caps, when so many of them could be produced by home industry. The sooner our people begin to pay attention to these apparently minor matters, the better will it be for buyer and seller, and all concerned.

Wherever the writer has found the spinning wheel and butter churn, he also found a certain amount of independence not elsewhere seen. Things indicated that industry and economy divested life of that great strain which many find in the struggle to make both ends meet. Therefore these suggestions are thrown out for the common good of the common people.

While walking at Harbor Briton, an old lady was met with whose life had deep shadows cast upon it; she was eighty-five years of age, but did not look it. Thirty-five years ago her husband and five sons were all lost in the same schooner, during a storm at night. Two years ago she was taken with la grippe, from which she still suffers, by having lost her sense of taste.

Among other customs of the outports we were especially struck with that of boiling pots, and cooking out of doors. It is an excellent idea for those places, but would not do for town or city life.

In closing this chapter, it may be added—that at the mouth of English Harbour is an island, known as English Harbour Island, but its real name is Lion Island, so called from its resemblance to the king of beasts, crouched and ready to spring upon his prey. It is only from one part of the harbour that this resemblance is apparent.

These island's, with their crags and juts  
Are splinters of some crash, remote,

## CHAPTER XI.

## MORE LEAVES FROM OUR DIARY.

*Burgeo, Sunday, July 9th.*—At an early hour we arrive at Burgeo, where we meet Mr. Edward Dicks, the trusty keeper of Boar Island light, and Mr. Small, a long-standing business man of the place. From these gentlemen a hearty welcome is given to the stranger, who, at the discretion of their wise council, disembarks. Soon after this we find ourselves enjoying home comforts at the residence of Mr. Dicks. To us it is a novel scene. We are on an island, having no other inhabitant than our host and hostess. As we look out from the window on the surrounding ocean, dotted with many islands, we begin to wonder how ships escape running upon them.

After breakfast a visit is paid to Rev. Mr. Field, c.e., from whom hearty encouragement is received, and the use of his large school-hall for public meeting. In the garden of the pastor's residence is a sun dial, by which the correct time can be obtained by the shadow on its face. Among the things we did not expect to see, this is one. It reminded us of what we had read about the dials of Pharaoh in Egypt, and Ahaz in Jerusalem.

*Tuesday, July 11th.*—By this time we are beginning to like Burgeo and its fine people, for they display much that pertains to true greatness and refined educated manners. The settlement is built on an island, or rather islands, connected by bridges, reminding the visitor of "Venice, the City of Isles." There is something about it which presents at every turn a different view. The streets are somewhat regular, with here and there a lamp post, and a general tendency to city life. Cleanliness and taste, combined with the very correct and distinct diction of the residents in their language, give an air of satisfaction to all concerned.

In business life there are signs of decay. The various coves and stores speak of a past, when commerce was greater than at present; while the fine cottage dwellings point to the pluck and honest pride of the people themselves,

Burgeo shows that the people have been well taught and instructed in religious and secular knowledge. It is here that the Reverend Mr. Cunningham has laboured for half a century in the interests of his church, and the spiritual edification of his flock. He now rests from active labour, but still attends the sanctuary in which he so long officiated, being drawn there by willing hands in a small carriage.

The large, new day school, with hall overhead, is a comfortable building, and well suited for its important purpose. We were privileged to visit both departments of this school, and are satisfied with what we saw. This institution is in charge of Mr. Summerton, assisted by Miss Ash. Their scholars show good training, and are well advanced in the various courses of common English study.

There is one serious drawback in Burgeo, and one that is very much felt by the people. It is the great scarcity of water. It is the real desideratum of the place. While walking through the street, before leaving, we met a little boy named ———. His face showed honesty, and his physical structure strength, but his clothes told the tale, which marked him as one of poverty's many children. We had a talk to him, and gazed right into his open, honest face. He told us he went fishing, but did so without any boots. In such cases as this, words alone are vain; therefore he was taken to a shop, and presented with a pair of strong boots, bearing in mind the words of the Master: "I was naked and ye clothed me."—Matt.

*Friday, July 11th.*—At 10.30 p.m., we leave Burgeo, and take passage for Ramea in the schooner *Is It*, under command of Capt. Penny. After a few hours of a whole-sail breeze, our destination is reached, where comfortable lodgings are provided by the kindness of the captain's brother. Next morning we look around and find the harbour a perfect haven of shelter. The trade is conducted by Messrs. Penny & Sons, whose large, substantial stores and general premises, with four very fine vessels, show that prosperity has attended their labours. The people get along fairly well, and there seems to be a satisfactory state of affairs all around. There is a large part of level land in the place, which would make an excellent sheep run, and the wonder is, that ere this some one has not taken it up.

The islands of Ramea were visited by Cook—the great navigator. The last observation he took on his southern trip was from one of these islands, generally allowed to be the eastern one. He reports this place

and Burgeo as being both remarkable for scarcity of wood and water. Though but a small hamlet, it has its history and local news. The residents are a very good looking people, possessing fine features and ruddy complexions. In one home was met an old lady who had been blessed with twelve children, ten of whom she had buried. Among the dead was a son, accidentally shot, and a daughter, accidentally drowned. This daughter was married, and had a little boy, five years old. He went one day on a pond near by, to slide. While doing so, he fell through the ice, and his mother ran to his assistance, and also got in the water, where they both struggled, and finally sank, exhausted. The mother was found at once, but the little boy's body was not recovered until the ice had broken up, two months after.

In visiting the homes of our people, many such cases are met, and the least we can do is to extend to them the expression of human sympathy.

The Sabbath here is truly primitive and quiet. A solemn stillness reigns all around, broken only by the ringing of the Chapel bell, calling the people to the house of prayer, for morning and evening devotions. Comparing this quiet scene with the noise of town or city life, we almost say within ourselves, that our choice would lead us to the small village for real peaceful sanctity. But we are in a busy world, and our place is where work is to be done.

"Go out into the highways and hedges,  
And compel them to come in."—*The Saviour.*

## CHAPTER XII.

**LITTLE BAY, (LAPOILE), ROSE BLANCHE AND CHANNEL.**

There is much about Little Bay, naturally, which reminds one of Rantem, in Trinity Bay. It is a very small settlement, having fifteen houses on the eastern side, and nine on the western side. There are also some very substantial stores, giving the appearance of taste as well as usefulness. But the place has reached its zenith, and unless some new industry open up, it will never increase. There are neither fields nor gardens to be seen, and we were told that there was neither a horse nor cow in the place. We don't doubt the absence of the horse, but fancy there ought to be a cow. Among the few noticeable things there, may be mentioned the flagstaff, near the residence of Captain LeCellier. It is after the style of a brigantine's mainmast, with main topmast. From the mast-head projects a gaff, at the peak of which was flying the Union Jack, in honour of the return of Miss LeCellier, who had been at school for some time.

Along the hill top are to be seen the poles of the Telegraph Company: and somewhat beyond the stores lies stranded on the beach the hulk of an old vessel called the *Mary Georgina*.

Our next port of call is Rose Blanche, or White Rock, as its French indicates. It is, indeed, a hilly, rocky place, presenting little or no signs of fertility, and for its future prospects one almost fears to think. From here we arrive at Channel, Port aux Basque, where also rock and ruggedness meet the eye. The scene is most desolate and barren. To such an extent is this apparent that we feel the first settlers had but little love of verdure or scenery. But they must have had what, perhaps, suited their calling better, viz., brave hearts and daring courage. To settle on such a bleak shore was to proclaim themselves heroic in the extreme. These three places depend wholly on the fishery. They have their own business firms: and such names as Steer, Ridout and LeCellier, have done, and are still doing much, to keep the wheel of trade revolving. Take these men and their business from them, and life that is now hard, would be almost impossible.

Port aux Basque is all rocks, and yet we fully believe that there is unknown wealth in or about some of them. Everywhere around are to be seen sparkling stones. On a fine day the very roads sparkle and glisten with something that has been long unknown, but must be of value. We have heard more than once of the gold quartz of Channel, but are not versed enough in it to express an opinion. It is here that one of our Western railways will have its terminus. The hoarse whistle of the locomotive will shortly echo through its rocky regions, and who can tell but soon may be unearthed the mineral so often talked of. It will require a change of some magnitude to create a trade worthy of its hardy residents. Port aux Basque is the coaling station of the Mail boat. While delaying for this purpose, the time is occupied in visiting some of the houses. At one house we met a little girl from Bay St. George, whose mother and sister, aged fourteen, met a simple but tragic end. The time was Sunday afternoon. The head of the house had gone to a friend's, in the distance, and the girl went sliding on the hillside. It appears that when at the summit of the hill, the line of the slide slipped from her hand. She failed to catch it, and the slide slid rapidly down the hill, and far out on the ice. The little girl made her complaint to her mother, who immediately went off with her child, for the purpose of getting the slide. While off on the ice, the wind sprang up off shore, and ere they got back, a channel of water lay between them and the land. There was no assistance at hand to rescue them from their perilous position. Off they still drifted, and in sight of their door, perished on the ice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our good ship is about to leave Port aux Basque, when a message is received by the captain to proceed to the stranded ship *John E. Sayers*, now in sight, outside the harbour. Soon we are near to her, and while our captain is on board, we take the glass and look at her. She is a large ship, sixteen hundred tons register, and only seven years old. Her cargo consists of twenty-four hundred tons unrefined sugar, packed in strong matting or baskets. Schooners and boats are around her like bees, and everybody is busy saving the cargo.

This ship had been on a long voyage, and passed all the storms and dangers of foreign waters. Soon had her crew hoped to anchor safely in their desired haven, Montreal; but thick fog surrounded them, the sun was not seen for five days, and their reckoning was lost. In this uncertainty she struck a hidden reef, and was for ever stopped from voyaging.

It seemed a pity, yea, almost a calamity, to thus see her, so perfect, and yet so helpless, with every mast, yard, boom and spar on her, doomed to founder on the rocks.

Her position reminded us of some fair lives we have known. They were perfect in many ways, and bade fair for life's voyage; but the fogs and mists of temptation gathered around them, and, e'er they knew it, they were beyond the bounds of restraint, and became wrecked and lost forever.

Many strong ships have foundered on these bleak shores, while encircled with dense fog. It is only about three years ago that the s. s. *John Knox*, in sight of this very place, ran on shore one Sunday night, and immediately sank, with her cargo of iron, and crew of twenty-nine men. Most of whose bodies were recovered by the brave men of the place, and received Christian burial. These graves are not far from the scene of the disaster.

There are many and almost innumerable instances along our coast, which are well worthy the pen of any writer. They tell of death and suffering, of danger and peril. But our chapter is already long enough. We will, therefore, pass on to other parts.

The shipwrecks and disasters of our land,  
Have told on homes, the wide world o'er.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**DESERTED HOMES.**

During the trip, all the harbours of importance from St. John's to Bonne Bay have been visited. Each one has its leading men, and public buildings : with generally an aged veteran, who is looked upon as the patriarch of the village. Strangers notice these things, more than residents.

We have already written the most that was seen, and the word *fact* may be safely stamped on each chapter. No pains were spared to ascertain the truth, and the writer feels satisfied as to the authenticity of his informants. By careful enquiry, and calm observation, he learned and saw what he has stated. Much more could be said, but he does not wish to produce too great a volume. However, he cannot close his pamphlet without making some remarks on the title of this chapter.

In every place he saw "Deserted Homes": some of them good, substantial buildings, and others dilapidated and neglected. On enquiry, as to where the owners and occupants had gone, the answer was invariably the same, and may be summarized under the following headings: gone to British Columbia; gone to Manitoba; gone to the States, and gone to St. John's. Such were the answers as to the whereabouts of some of our people. They had fairly comfortable homes, and also good health. But there was a drawback: they found it hard to live, and prospects were looking gloomy. The fisheries, from which they had formerly gained a livelihood, were failing. They hadn't paid much attention to the ground, and they became discouraged, and, what was still worse, discontented. In this condition they heard of the great West, and in hopes of doing better, they packed up all and left, sometimes sacrificing their homesteads for quarter value. This is the history of scores, and unless some improvement takes place in our fisheries, it will be the case with others. We often think of our people who thus leave us. Many of them would prefer staying in their own land, could they make a living. Many of them would gladly return were things brighter. They say our country is dull. But we answer 'No,' ten thousand times, 'No'; not dull, but misunderstood and unknown.

We have seen some of the country, not alone its bleak, barren rocks, but also its agricultural patches, where deep, rich soil will give to honest labour the reward of honest living.

Our people are turning more than ever to the land, and are beginning to find that encouraging results can be reaped therefrom. With this growing tendency, with strict economy on the part of our population, and the fostering of our fisheries, we believe that Newfoundland's best days are yet to come. The strain on our fisheries has been too great, but by the cultivation of the land, this strain can be greatly alleviated.

This better state of things is daily dawning upon us, for in addition to our agricultural resources, the great lumbering districts are also responding to the woodsman's axe.

Some time ago, when thinking about our people, who were leaving us in great numbers, we took our pen and wrote the following lines, entitled

"OUR EXODUS."

Why, oh why is this migration ?  
 Still increasing more and more ;  
 Why do men of every station  
 Hasten from their native land ?  
 Does the land refuse to own them,  
 Willing still to take their part :  
 Noted for their skilful labour,  
 Open hand and honest heart ?  
 Has the land that they call native  
 No more room for honest toil ?  
 Must her children ever wander,  
 Exiles on a foreign soil ?  
 Newfoundland ! we answer for thee :  
 Thou hast not a voice to tell  
 That thy sons can still find living  
 In the land they love so well.  
 Could thy sea-girt coast find language,  
 It would on the wanderers call,  
 And would point to where there's fortune,  
 Known, yet overlooked, by all.  
 It would say, " Turn inland, children,  
 " Work my mines and till my ground :  
 " Make my forests—long lain silent—  
 " With the woodman's axe resound.  
 " Then you'll find in me there's labour  
 " For your willing hands to do :  
 " And the harvest will be greater,  
 " ' Though the labourers be few.' "

With these verses we will close our chapter on "Deserted Homes."

Closed are the doors, and far away the hearts  
 That once within these homes did beat for joy,  
 But now towards them long.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### FROM GARNISH TO BURIN.

#### AGRICULTURAL LAND.

At this juncture we will make a halt in our journey, for the purpose of describing Garnish, and what we saw while walking from it to Burin.

When describing so many places it is somewhat difficult to produce variation, more especially when they are all seaport, and following the same calling. However, we are not aiming at anything like classics, but simply speaking of the land we love — the land which was so long thought to be buried in fog, until able writers took up her cause, and told her in her true condition.

In looking at Garnish we were reminded of school-days. In our history and geography, we had learned of the Lowlands of Holland, and, somehow or other we saw a resemblance. Its clean, white houses, square fields, and general level appearance, with at its back the waters of Fortune Bay, now smoothe, but sometimes angry, presented a sort of rustic quietude that sent us back to the dykes and wicker-work of Holland's lowlands.

Garnish is larger than was imagined. It is a pretty village by the sea-side. The harbour is barred, and can only be entered at high tide. The entrance is very narrow, and its long public pier, dilapidated to such an extent, as to be a disgrace to any man calling himself the people's representative — 1893. The people themselves are comfortable, having a good stock of sheep and cattle, while the spinning-wheel forms one of the blessings of the homestead. The most striking picture of the place is its long and beautiful beaches. The colour of the stones, washed by century's storms, add greatly to the surroundings of the village.

The distance from Garnish to Burin is twenty-one miles. The water runs in from Burin to a depth of five miles, and is known as Burin Bay Arm, the terminus of which is called Salt Pond. The land here is very rich, and the scattered families derive much of their livelihood from it. This was the longest journey of the whole trip, and the best description the

writer can give of what he saw as he travelled, will be from his diary, as follows :

*Friday, Aug. 4th.*—Left Garnish at 9 o'clock, a. m., in company with Mr. Cluett as carrier. He proved a faithful man, and gave much information as to the road and country which we were crossing. The road itself is fairly good, and intersects many ponds and lakes, each adding its quota to the beauty of these solitudes, as it rushes on to the sea. The country is equal to any we have yet seen : yea, almost surpassing the rich, level lands of Bay St. George. The great wonder is that somebody has not settled on it, instead of settling on rocks and shoals, as many have done. Scores and hundreds of acres of rich soil are here lying unoccupied. An abundance of water adds greatly to their value, and a plow could almost be worked in their present natural state. And yet our people continue to leave us for other parts, not one particle better than where they are. These levels present the idea we had of the western prairies, only on a smaller scale. The road on which we travel is built of the upturned clay of the district, and if all the land it passes through be of the same quality, then we have no room to doubt the productiveness of these wastes. Had half the attention been given to this land, or half the labour bestowed upon it, that has been given to bad fisheries during the past twenty years, it would be now a flourishing and self-supporting village, supplying the neighbouring places with vegetables, milk and butter.

The reader may think that this statement is exaggerated, but it is not. It only contains the opinion of the writer, who saw for himself, and formed his opinions from what he saw, and still sustains these opinions. He has seen a little of Nova Scotia, and part of Cape Breton, and fully believes that Newfoundland can take her place with either of them. After travelling for sixteen miles, a rest was taken at Salt Pond, where we decided to stay until Monday. The Sabbath here was very quiet, being spent among a people who knew not fashion, and in the place where nature reigns supreme.

"God made the country, man the city ;

"Which, therefore, should be best ?"

—*Cowper.*

CHAPTER XV.

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FROM CHANNEL TO BAY ST. GEORGE, BAY OF  
ISLANDS AND BONNE BAY.

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## MORE DIARY LEAVES.

*Wednesday, July 5th.*—Early at morning we leave Channel, and soon pass Codroy, where the ship is stopped to land passengers. The appearance of nature is here brighter, for all around, is to be seen the green garb of verdure and vitality; showing that the agricultural resources of this locality have not been over-estimated. Off from the main land is a large island, perfectly level, and giving the appearance of a beautiful field in mid-ocean. Were such an island near St. John's, it would most assuredly be the scene of many happy pic-nic parties. In every direction the picture is pleasing to the eye, and hopeful for the future.

The weather is now foggy, and the ship's officers are cautiously looking out for land ahead. It is an anxious time with them. They stoop and peer into the distance, from the edge of the bridge, until their anxiety is relieved by the welcome sight of land to starboard. This is the outside of Sandy Point, Bay St. George. It is low land, and not easy of discernment in thick, foggy weather. This point is soon rounded, when the stores and dwellings of Bay St. George open to view. From the Point into the public wharf is a long range of small fish stores, built with gables to the water and stages before them. They are all of weather-beaten colour, being much the same in size and numbering fifty-eighty or sixty.

The harbour is large, but shoal, with sandy bottom, and running far in to what is known as Sandy Bay. The point is all sand, fine, and of yellow colour. Superior to the Brazilian sand brought up from South America as ballast, by our vessels. Near the shore, lies half buried, the hull of a large Norwegian barque, still partly laden with deal. She is mostly under water, and far down in the sand. In the harbour lay the new surveying steamer *Gulnare*. Everything here indicates life and verdure. The change from the parts hitherto seen is extreme. The

dreary, rocky desolation gives way to green swards of rich foliage. There is a great future for this place. It cannot long lay silent and unproductive. People are rushing out to the praries of the West, not knowing that such a productive garden is nearer to them.

During our stay here we visited Mr. Neville's farm on the south side. It is vastly extensive, and will undoubtedly become the model farm of the West coast. A visit was also paid to Mr. LeReaux's garden, in which were growing seventeen different kinds of vegetables, including beet, garlic, onions and cucumbers. The ground is sandy, yet fertile, and the richest and most luxuriant state of vegetation was to be seen, as refreshing showers had just fallen.

Some of the roads here are very sandy, and therefore tiresome, but while we tread them our steamer's whistle sounds in our ears, and we are off for Bay of Islands. By this time the fog has lifted, thereby giving us an opportunity of seeing still more of these hills and valleys, which are destined to become the home and dwelling place of thousands of families. As Cape St. George is rounded, and the ship turns into Bay of Islands, the weather again changes, hiding from us the scenes we would like to behold. Yet onward speeds our good ship, when suddenly there is an excitement on board, caused by the lookout reporting a dead man in the water. The ship's course is immediately altered, and a circle made, while the object is eagerly watched from the deck by almost everybody on board. Soon we are up to it, but the officers differ as to what it really is. Orders are given to lower the boat. She is soon in the water, manned by brave and willing hearts, in command of chief officer Lewis. They row to the object, and by the careless way in which it is taken into the boat, we see it is not a man. In a few minutes she is back, bearing with her a seaman's Cape Ann hat. The ship is again brought to her proper course, with full speed ahead, and log dragging astern. As night closes in, the fog also thickens, and the frequent puffing of the whistle tells the passengers that careful and cautious officers are feeling the anxiety of the moment.

As we watched our ship's boat out on the great depth of waters, we imagined to ourselves how small and frail she was, and yet she dashed o'er the waves at the strong stroke of daring men, seeking as they thought, the body of some fallen fellow seaman.

*Thursday, July 6th.*—At 8 a.m., our ship has reached her birth at Bay of Islands. This place is well named, there being ten or twelve

islands within its bounds. Woods' Island is nearest the harbour. It is partly level and occupied by a few settlers. Judging from the ground under cultivation, around the houses, the soil must be good. A sheep run could be satisfactorily conducted here. It is large and near the mainland. While this island is the most suitable for cultivation, it does not rank with the others in majesty of scenery. They rise in bold relief, and look like so many sentinels of some unseen army. Chiefest among them stands the island of St. Gregory, with one side presenting a steep precipice, and the opposite side a beautiful slope, covered in nature's garment of living green. This eminence when viewed from the ship's deck, while coming out the sound, is among the grandest we have seen on the coast.

Bay of Islands, proper, is situated in the Humber Sound. The land seems fairly good, but the fields did not look to be cleared as well as had been expected.

Once more our good ship is moving, and we are passing on toward Bonne Bay. In this vicinity is seen the highest land of our country, known as Blow-me-Down, and Mount St. Gregory. The whole line of coast here is high, and well termed "Iron Bound." Bonne Bay Head is next passed, and then we are ploughing its waters. This promontary presents a bold front, as also does the whole land within the Bay. As we still glide along, the houses come in view, and once more our ship's engines rest, and propeller stops, while she is moored at the public wharf.

It is a fine, bright, summer evening, and there are six hours at our disposal. To use this time to the best advantage is now our aim. At once the houses are visited. Men, women and children are reached, and chords touched that must long vibrate. While thus engaged, a very humble home was entered, where was met a girl of fourteen summers, who by her clothing we knew to be very poor, but whose features proclaimed beauty and goodness. Her name is Alice Ann E——n.

With Bonne Bay we reach our terminus, and at eight o'clock, the homeward journey is begun. Some lone hearts have been touched, and we trust made happier. Many hands have been grasped in the cottage homes by the sea side. As our ship moves, and we pass out from them, there is somewhat of a sorrow at the thought, that there is so much room for good to be accomplished in every place, and yet but few to do it. As we steam out, our good captain has taken a schooner in tow, but the strain is too great, and the line bursting, she is left behind, to beat her way out.

Night's curtain is again falling upon us. We have beheld a glorious sunset, shedding its brilliant rays out into dark evening clouds. We have heard of the glories of eastern skies, but sunset in the gulf—St. Lawrence—would, we think equal them. As we write our diary, the ship's heart is felt throbbing like some mighty living thing. Around us are the waters of St. Lawrence, now smooth, but often angry; for we remember crossing them some twenty-seven years ago under circumstances far different from the present.

*Friday, July 7th.*—At an early hour we arrive at Bay of Islands and haul in at Corner Brook, to take in logs at Mr. Fisher's mill. This mill is large and is run by water power. There are about thirty-five men employed altogether. The pier at the mill is very long, running out into the water seven hundred feet, with a width of seventy feet. It is constructed of piles at the sides, filled in with cuttings, chippings and sawdust from the mill. To look at its length, one would suppose that it contained the accumulations of many years, but such is not the case, for it has all accumulated within the last five years. While at Corner Brook, we were privileged to enter the home of Mr. Fisher, and receive much kindness from his son and daughter.

Among the objects of interest at Bay of Islands we noticed the slip, erected by the Rev. Mr. Curling, Church of England minister, and late of that place. Its construction is the same as that formerly at Hoylestown, and owned by Mr. John Woods. The purchase for hauling the yacht is a large wheel, in horizontal position, with a capstan near by for the purpose of leverage. Since the removal of Mr. Curling the slip has fallen into disuse, and now shows signs of decay.

While viewing this slip I met Mr. Charles Parsons, the warden of St. Mary's Church. From him I learned that the French Shore trouble was more serious than we in St. John's imagine. He took me to the cemetery close by, where rest the first inhabitants of Bay of Islands. In this quiet spot rests one whom I had known in early life, and from whom I received the first letter ever written me. Her tombstone tells that her little infant son rests with her; and the rich, long grass on her grave, indicates by its growth and life, that one day, "The grave will yield up its prey, and the dead in Christ shall first arise."

A visit to the Church is contemplated, but the sound of our well-known whistle bids us jump on board, and we are off.

On coming out the Humber, on the homeward trip, our attention is again attracted by the beauty of the various islands. The one which here strikes us as most commanding, is Wee Ball, or Guernsey Island. At the entry of the Sound is Friar Point,—a rock about forty-seven feet high, and giving the appearance of one of this Order, with cloak and hat, in the attitude of devotion. Next to this is South Head, presenting a very bold front, and rising almost perpendicular to a height of one thousand two-hundred and ten feet. A beach is next passed, when Devil Head is reached, which is also bold in appearance, surpassing its neighbour in loftiness by two-hundred and five feet. The following incident about this Head may, perhaps, be interesting to the reader :

It is related, that some forty or more years ago, when French fishing vessels were more numerous in these parts than at present, that a boat returned to its ship with a man short. His mate was questioned and closely examined, and being found or suspected guilty of some foul play, was confined. Before the voyage wound up, he made his escape to land, but was immediately chased. In his extremity he climbed this mountain height of fourteen hundred and fifteen feet. But he was hotly pursued, and escape was impossible. Rather than be captured he jumped into the sea, and was never seen afterwards. Even the fishermen below did not see him fall into the water. It was, therefore, generally decided that he must have struck some projecting, ragged rock, and found in its crevice an open and perhaps living tomb.

Continuing the voyage, we pass Red Island, which in shape is very like *H.M.S. Blake*. It is about four hundred feet high, and covered with rich grass. The North side has the appearance of one huge sheet of rusty iron. It is annually visited by the French, who prosecute the fisheries from the Southern side, where the land is low. The main land opposite this island is low and level, certifying what we often had heard, viz., that the French Shore was the best part of Newfoundland. Among other matters of interest in these parts, may be recorded the fact, that on the top of Table Mountain, near Cape Ray, can be seen a high pile of stones, known as "Cook's Survey." This is said to be the oldest surveying signal in the colony, having been erected by that great navigator, and still proves correct.

Our description of our country, as we have seen it, is now given. And like Cook's Survey, we hope 'twill prove correct.

Before we saw our land, we thought her good,  
But now we more than think—we know.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## COMMERCE AND TRADE.

We have spoken of the future prospects of Newfoundland, and still hold faith for their fulfilment. We hail the day when busy men will break the silence of the present, and our sons find employment nearer home ; not that we begrudge them to travel and see the world. There is ample room for all this, without such an exodus as we have had. We believe in our country, and wish to see her children make it their heritage. Wherever our people have gone, they have done well their part, always earning\* for themselves the enconium of skilled workmen. Our sons are our pride, comprising what may be termed our living wealth. They are educated and fitted for life's battle, but other countries have reaped the benefit of their ability. While we are glad of their success, we yet feel that there is room at home for most of them. Many articles of daily use are imported into this colony, which might easily be manufactured on the spot. We send annually from our shores thousands of dollars, which could be invested to good advantage at home. It is not in the province of this pamphlet to say where the remedy lies : but we will say that there is need of more business men, with capital, to carry on home industries. Our Government has done its duty, in granting bounties on home-made articles. But the curious, or rather serious part of it is, that when men are found willing to invest in these industries, and thereby lay claim to the right of bounty granted by Government, they are at once pounced upon and called monopolists, and bonus seekers. This practice of cavilling against business men is not wise, and only reacts in the curtailing of what would otherwise develop into a large industry.

In travelling through the country, one cannot fail to notice the large mercantile firms where once a brisk trade was conducted. They each

bear the impress of past magnitude, but their present stillness informs the enquirer that their course is run. Most of these establishments are now in ruins, and rapidly becoming of no value whatever. Let us look, for instance, at the Jersey firms of Burin and LaPoile, and we find their day of business comparatively gone. They are but the shadow of their former selves. Again, let us take the firm at Jersey Harbour, near Harbour Briton, and we have an instance where a premises which cost thousands of pounds in building, has, during the last decade, become dilapidated to such a degree, as not to fetch a thousand dollars. The wharves are almost totally gone, and soon there will not be the least vestige of former occupation. Yet, at this place a flourishing trade was for a long time carried on, busy men were seen and heard in the various departments of commerce. Smart ships were loaded and hurried off to foreign markets. In a word, it reached its climax, then waned until its sun went down in closure and abandonment. No one has come to fill the vacancy caused by this gap, and we almost shudder to think that the circle of our business men is becoming smaller every year. These circumstances can be reviewed from different stand-points, but in all they teach us that this country has none too many of capitalists in it. Fortunes have been made in the past, but when made were taken to the mother country. Hence there is now very little mainstay to the credit of the colony. Had half the money made in the early times, been invested and kept in the country, we would have sufficient means at hand to develop our own resources, as well as to build our own railways. But we looked too long to the sea, thinking that it would ever yield a paying voyage. Most of our fishermen spent their money lavishly. Those who made fortunes retired, and the result is, that now our fisheries are failing, and there is not any reserve fund to fall back upon.

There is, therefore, but one alternative for the Government, and that is to borrow money for the purpose of opening up our unknown native land. This is where we now stand in business and finance, which is not an enviable position. Yet things are better than they look; because our present business men are greatly inclined to invest more and more in new industries. They now reside amongst us, their interests are one with the country's, their homes are here, their families are in our midst, and the common welfare of citizenship makes a kindred feel-

ing. We have every confidence in our commercial men. They often feel the strain of bad voyages, and have borne the burden of the colony's business when the pressure was great. Let us then hope that, by goodwill between merchants and fishermen, government and governed, all shall go well, and that the future of our country shall outshine the past as day outshines the night.

Unlocked her treasures still remain,  
But one day to the front must come.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

## HIDDEN TREASURE.

We would not, for any money, put into these pages anything of a superstitious or uncertain character. Yet we feel, to close them without some mention of such an absorbing topic, would be to produce a desideratum in their completion.

The stories of "Hidden Treasure" have been told so often that they have lost all their reality. Even the accounts given in some of our Christmas Numbers, savour of an uncertainty. Like the ghosts connected with them, they have vanished into nothing.

Some of us have met the man who knew the spot in Port-de-Grave where, under a certain window, he could dig up in half an hour all the fortune he wanted. But the midnight superstition was connected with it, and had such a strong hold upon him, that his treasure was never brought to light.

We have also met the brother of the man who is supposed to have taken the treasure from the middle grave of Bell Isle, Conception Bay. But all these stories had so much of the ridiculous connected with them, that no attention whatever has been paid to them. Still we doubt not the fact of great wealth being buried in our "Island Home." No one can read the history of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main, without concluding that some of the booty found its way to this—at that remote period—almost uninhabited country.

Among the many stories the writer has heard, there is one which bears on it the seal of truth, and is free from all superstitious ideas. The person from whom it was learned, is known to have been a most reliable authority. A man whose wisdom was uncommon, and who, to speak to, was to be instructed. He now sleeps in mother earth, but his works live after him; for it may be said of him, that he pioneered

the art of mechanical engineering in this country. Our foundries owe their present state of advancement to him; his sons and grandsons filling the important positions of managers. It was none other than the late John Angel, farther of our present Hon. James Angel, and Mr. John Angel. He was a man well read in the poets and the scriptures. About forty five years ago, he was engaged in the vicinity of Bay Bulls, endeavouring to float a wrecked steamer. While there, a smart American yacht, hailing from one of the States, came in and anchored for a day or two. The captain of this yacht conversed freely with Mr. Angel and told him of the expedition they had been on, of which the following is a synopsis.

They had been to the Northern part of our island in search of some Hidden Treasure, which his, the captain's informant, had been instrumental in burying some eighty years before that date, which was shortly after the capture of Quebec, by Wolfe, in 1759. At that time it was customary for sailing troop ships to carry large supplies of money in gold and silver. After the victory of Wolfe, one of those troop ships was dispatched from England, with general supplies, as well as money, for the purpose of paying the army. It was late in the month of November, and heavy, contrary winds, drove the ship to Northern latitudes. The captain finding that he was considerably out of his proper course, decided to continue his voyage by way of the Straits of Bell Isle. But fortune was against him, for heavy weather was still encountered, until finally shipwreck terminated the expedition. The only chance left for the survivors was to secure themselves as best they could, and wait patiently the return of spring. They were in a desolate, uninhabited place, which at that time—one hundred and thirty years ago—was comparatively unexplored and unnamed. They saved much of the supplies and money. The latter they buried at the root of a tree, near a large rock.

The winter proved a hard one, and it seemed that all the survivors succumbed to their hardships, with the exception of two hardy lads: one the captain's son, and the other the apprentice to the ship. At the return of spring, these lads managed to get to St. John's—then a very insignificant place. Here they separated, and never again met. It was some years before the captain's visit of search, that he learned of this

occurrence, his informant being the apprentice lad, then an old man. He told the captain that he was the only human being in the world, save the captain's son, who knew anything whatever of the hidden treasure. He informed them where to steer, to a certain latitude in the northern part of Newfoundland. When this had been completed, he was to steer in a given direction, when a narrow lake of water would be reached. From this position they were to go on shore, where, after finding certain marks, they were to go so many paces to the right, and then turn to the left, and advance until the rock before mentioned was found.

The captain told Mr. Angel that all the instructions had been minutely carried out, with the result of finding things as described. They digged and found a sword, and some silver plate of but little value; but no trace of the gold and silver coin could they discover. He was fully satisfied as to the authenticity of the story, and came to the conclusion that the captain's son must have made some successful effort for the recovery of the money.

The place where this occurred proved to be Notre Dame Bay, well up towards the Exploits River. This is the story as I received it from my late venerable friend, while sitting in his arm chair in his cottage, on Hamilton Avenue, St. John's West. There is much in the history of a century and a quarter ago, to make us think that there is truth in it. However, it is free from all myth, and will be at least worthy the time of the reader, who, perhaps by little thought, may learn some lessons from it.

The unknown stories of our northern bays  
May yet reveal to us some startling truths.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### UNFINISHED CHURCHES.

We saw things that we liked to see, and things that we did not expect to see, besides things we would rather not see. One man asked us how we saw so many things? We answered, that they were there, and we could not help seeing them. Among the latter was the unfinished places of worship, some near completion, others half finished, and others in frame, but all still, with no sound of busy workmen. They were stopped because there was no more money to carry on the work. They will continue to be stopped for some time, until fortune changes, and the members either get more money or more Christianity: or perhaps we had better say a more liberal Christianity, which will not only make them talk religion, but also make them put their hands in their pockets, and take out their purses, and open them, and give the largest coin or note, instead of the smallest, which some have hitherto done. When sitting in some meeting, at which a collection is taken, we generally take out our money and look all through it, for the smallest silver piece it has pleased the realm to issue. We pass the fifty cent pieces, and with them the twenty's also, and, after finding the tens or fives, we give one of them with an air that seems to say "O, that there were silver one cent. pieces."

In consideration of those who give so much, there must be a great many who give very little. Some are always giving, and where it not for their liberality, things would be much worse than they really are.

It is a sort of reproach to a Christian people, who profess a Saviour a Prayer-Book, a Bible, and a God, to have their places of worship neglected, unfinished and weather-beaten. It is a mistake to have a church in debt, while everything worldly is paid for. We will build our castles and our cots, and pay for them. That's right. The more castles and the more cots built and paid for the better; but surely we ought to have

self denial and practical Christianity enough to finish our places of worship, and see that they are paid for. This should be done for the honour of the cause itself, and also for the honour and encouragement of the men who labour in our behalf. Let us show our pastors that we appreciate their toil, and mean to be practical in the expression of that appreciation. The fisherman likes a finished boat to fish in, and should not the gospel fisherman have a finished church to preach in. These remarks are more applicable to our outports than our city. They are not written with a spirit of fault-finding, but rather for the purpose of stirring our people up to their duty to the religion they profess. We are apt to allow the responsibility of these matters to fall on a few, and expect that few to erect our churches, while we will not put our finger to them. Sometimes we expect even more, for after the building is planned and completed, we expect them to put up with our fault-finding, and then if they are displeased with our fault-finding, we threaten to leave the church.

Any church would be better for such members as this leaving it. Where would such members find shelter. If all who begrudge to pay the minister his dues, or if all who neglect to do so, were to start out for themselves, they would find their ecclesiastical credit so bankrupt that they would gladly return to their own fold, with a determination to practice a religion which gives as well as receives.

We again say, we are not fault-finding, but having seen several unfinished places of worship along our coast, we feel that some note of warning needs to be sounded. Don't let the world have everything, while the church starves. The buildings in question are not costly. They all show good, sound sense, as to style and size. They are worth finishing, and by a little united effort on the part of all, the desired end can be accomplished.

The people's morals are the bulwark of the nation. The battle ground of morals is the world. The place where morals are taught is the church. Let then these churches be finished, complete and staunch. So that "the topstone may be brought on with shouting;" and our morals, like these buildings, have placed on them the topstone of perfection and spiritual life.

When gone the week, and all its labors o'er,  
We to the church repair, where words are taught  
That tell us of a "House not made with hands,

## CHAPTER XIX.

## OUR OUTPORT ROADS.

This trip was performed by almost every mode of transit in the land. We went out by the s. s. *Grand Lake*, and came in by the Placentia and Harbor Grace Railway. By sea we had, in addition to the *Grand Lake*, the s. s. *Alert*, of Placentia Bay, the sailing packet *Landseer*, of Fortune Bay, and the coasting schooner *Is It*, of Ramea, besides, a dory in which a passage was made across Bay de Lu. These with the ferry boats, all do their work to the entire satisfaction of the public. By land there were railways and foot-paths, but mostly the latter.

Having travelled many miles by land, there was opportunity of becoming an authority on the roads of our outports. From Bonne Bay to Burin many scattered pieces were covered, and we cannot but express our satisfaction with their condition. They are not the best, but still prove of inestimable value to travelling people. They are capable of improvement, and much good will accrue therefrom, if they be extended as well as improved. A continuation of roads inland will be of lasting benefit, because they will open up the good land which is near the people, but inaccessible. It is evident that our people must look more to the land in the future than in the past, and therefore we believe that their construction will be a necessity of the near future. We hail the day of railroads through our unknown interior. They will come—they must come. Whatever man or men puts through this country an intersection of railroads, will prove the benefactor of the future. But we are not speaking of these now. Let us have them, but with economy.

Our present topic is that of local roads for our people where they are already settled. Their homes are near the seashore, and they naturally cling there. The accumulations of their fathers are around them, and it would mean a sacrifice to leave entirely. But they must do something besides fish. Hence the importance of opening up the land near them.

It is by keeping to the sea coast so much, that we have been led to look upon our country as that of rock and fog only. The sea coast has done its part, and now that the strain is too great upon it, relief is necessary. This relief can readily be found, by our people endeavouring to raise their own vegetables. These vegetables can be raised within a short distance of many of our settlements ; but this short distance cannot be travelled unless there be roads to travel by. We here repeat what we have already stated, viz., why so many of our people have settled on rocks and shoals, where they but half exist, while so much good land lay within reach of them seems a mystery. Let them then have these roads, not narrow foot-paths, but something that will be worthy the name. Such roads, for instance, as that leading to Broad Cove, which is worthy the honourable man after whom it is called — Sir Robert Thorburn.

Our road makers of the past had very narrow views ; hence the roads they built are narrow also. Perhaps they had a narrow margin of profit on which to work, and could not afford to build them any wider. But they are too narrow, and will never do much toward the settlement and development of the inland places. We do not know exactly how men are paid for road building, whether by the mile, or whether so much from place to place. But we do know, that many of our roads are altogether too winding and too round about. They are unnecessarily so. After a journey, the traveller can honestly imagine that so much per mile is paid for them, and the more miles got into them the better. It may be for the want of better engineering : we cannot tell, but will ever remember, that many turns and curves were made to go not a very great distance. The only reason that can be supposed for this round about mode of travelling, is for the purpose of holding to the seashore ; but as there is only the one road, it would save much wasted labour if it were run a little nearer a B line. These roads are fairly good, but too narrow. It was our fortune, or misfortune, to travel one piece of road, which was bad in the extreme. It led us from St. Jacques to Belloram. How the mailman gets his pony along over its rocks is a question not easy of solution. It proved to be the worst piece of road in all our journeying. It was only three miles long, but that was long enough for the writer, who, in addition to a bad road, endured a rain storm. We seem to be fault-finding here ; but we are not. We are dealing with public matters, and believe in talking fairly and squarely on the subject. Our religion has brought us to "let our yea be yea, and

our nay be nay." We wish to see our country opened up with good, wide, well built roads ; not narrow foot-paths unworthy the name of road, and over which two dog-carts cannot well pass without a collision and a growl, but public highways on which two horse-carts can pass, without a halt being called, for the purpose of those in charge holding a consultation on the possibility of such a thing. Our land must advance, our people must be helped, and therefore our country must be opened up. Although four hundred years discovered, she is still unknown ; but the day has dawned when she must take her place in the mineral and lumber producing emporiums of British North America.

If we continue to creep around our sea coast, on narrow foot-paths, we will never advance, but rather be in the same condition four hundred years hence. Roads in ancient times proved the civilizer of Europe ; and those built by Imperial Rome are still spoken of.

While travelling on these roads that cross our land,  
Let us remember that we travel yet another road,  
Which leads us to a land unknown ;  
A country out of sight.

## CHAPTER XX.

## ST. JOHN'S.

To write about a country without mentioning its capital, would be like studying the solar system without the sun. They are both inseparable, and must go together. What effects one, effects also the other: and so with St. John's, its interests and the country's are identical. As the heart is the seat of life, from which issue the pulses of action, to the extremities of the body, so is St. John's to Newfoundland. Here centre its trade and commerce, with branch lines extending to every outpost. These outposts are the places spoken of in these pages. We have done our duty towards them, and therefore leave them.

We come, then, to St. John's, our native town, and to our home, the very spot in which thirty-six years ago we were born. Having resided nearly all that time in it, we are in a good position to speak of it for the last quarter of a century. We well remember the men who then conducted its business, and bore the heat and burden of the day. Most of them were old men then, and presented to the boy of eleven a patriarchal appearance. Every one of these veterans are now of the past. They did their part in building up the trade of St. John's, but had not the many conveniences that business men now have. With some of those men went also their firms. Both are gone and lost to the present generation, whose shadows bury their predecessors in oblivion. But our day is the best, and if appearances give any criterion, then we are safe in saying that St. John's to-day stands far ahead of any former period. Though the fire has swept away the treasures of a life time, and the land-marks of generations, and laid in ruins our principal buildings, we rejoice that these ruins are again giving place to beauty, and that architectural edifices are rearing their pinnacles in defiance of the destroyer. As one firm has well put it, "Fire may destroy, but labour can restore."

With our capital rapidly rebuilding. With men in earnest for the

advancement of home industries. With people willing to do their duty. With faith in business men and business. With a common faith in our common selves : we hope for the future of our city, our country, and our trade. Our business men will rank with any for their push and energy, their risk and speculation. Their readiness to rebuild their extensive premises, shows their faith in the country. Their liberality to every humane and philanthropic appeal shows their sympathy for their less favoured fellow beings. The system of their establishments, and the punctuality of their dispatches, give us high hopes for our city's future. Some one has said that "Business men are the hinges of the people. They build our factories, and launch our mighty steamships. They dot the ocean with sailing clippers, and darken the atmosphere with the smoke of their steamers." This is true, and can be well applied to our men, whose daring enterprise is universally known. We don't forget our working men. They man the ships of commerce and trade, and compose our living wealth. We are proud of our industrious sons and daughters, and wish to see them with more regular and constant employment. To get this employment we must have the business. To get the business we must have men willing to invest. Before men will invest, they must feel that they have the protection of the government, and the good will of the people. There must be confidence in one another. Our government must respect our business men, and our business men must respect our government. It will not do to be at variance. We are writing of our city, and have sufficient proof before our eyes as to her future prosperity. We hope soon to see the form of busy men on some of our wharves, where work is now stopped. We would hail with gladness the advent of a few more exporting and importing firms. They are the desiderata of the present, and St. John's would be the better of them.

We have spoken of trade, because it is the life of the people ; and the more trade we have, the better off will we as a people be. Our future city will have many improvements not hitherto enjoyed. With large public halls, with regular streets and squares, with electric light, and telephone connection ; with a clean press, with faithful teachers and pastors, all cemented together by goodwill and citizenship, we believe in our city's future. We regard the past. It has made us what we are. Let us improve the present, it will make us what we will be.

St. John's can compare with any town of its size for general trade and traffic. Its shops are large and commodious. The goods in them are

from the best manufacturers of Europe and America, and it is only when we visit a few outside places, of which much has been heard, that we really realise what a compact, well conducted and pushing place St. John's is. Its large tonnage of local shipping ; its staunch fleet of sealing steamers, its strong and substantial waterside mercantile premises, and its well sheltered harbour, with at its head the spacious dry dock as crown : all tend to make us feel ambitious for the future. In addition to these things, we have our regular daily and weekly mail service, our outports connected by telegraphic communication, and our foreign trade dispatched by smart sailing vessels, and powerful steamships.

In reviewing these things in connection with our city, we have much to encourage. With a prosperous city we believe for a prosperous land. Our best days are yet to come, when the scaffolding of the present will be taken down, and our re-built town show itself in the lustre of its newness.

We build our city, and defy the flame that burnt it down ;  
Let then ourselves be built, of morals pure, and acts that stand  
The test of fire.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## OURSELVES.

In some of the foregoing pages it has been remarked that our sons in other lands have always earned the encomium of skilled workmen and faithful labourers. This we believe to be true, from the fact, that these at home stand first as artisans and mechanics. In our machine shops and factories, our photographic studios and book stores, our printing offices and telegraph stations; in our commerce and our government are men and women of whom any country may feel proud. Our fishermen themselves show skill, which give their work the impress of genius. They go to the forest and hew down its trees; they erect their saw pits, and cut these trees into planks, boards and beams; they haul and raft these timbers to their dockyards, and then construct a vessel, tight and trim. In many cases they rig and decorate these vessels, and when they are ready to skim the ocean, these same men will man their decks and navigate them between the rocks and through the fogs. Such are the capabilities of our fishermen, who toil,

From early morn till evening shades, and far into the night.

With the general industry of our people we can feel fairly well satisfied. Their exposure to wind and wave, to wet and cold, certifies to their physical endurance. While the daring pluck, exhibited in the prosecution of our sealing voyages proclaim them heroes of our icy battle fields. It is a written fact in our nation's past history, that the fishing grounds of Terra Nova were the nurseries of many of the bravest sailors which manned her fleets. That bravery still beats within the bosom of our sea-going people; and as in the past it built up the nation, so in the future will it build up its oldest colony. This same industry which have conquered angry waves, can also conquer our agricultural wastes, and make the conquerors

Lord of land as well as sea.

But our fishermen are not all. It takes many to make a world; there-

fore one class of men cannot make a country. We must have men to rule as well as be ruled. Men to preach as well as practice. Men to enforce law as well as to obey law. Like as in some grand orchestra it takes each instrument in the hands of the right performer to produce harmony of performance ; so in the general trade of our country, it takes each man and woman, with their respective abilities, to transact its business.

We rejoice in our Island Home, and also in its people, by which we mean its resident population, whether native or adopted. Such names as Carter, Little and Winter in its tribunal of justice. Such names as Whiteway, Bond, Donnelly and Morison in its legislative halls. Such names as Grieve, Bowring, Monroe, Harvey, Duder, Job, Steer, Rogerson, Baird, Ayre, Pitts, Goodfellow, Tessier, Thorburn and Goodridge, in its commercial society. Such names as Blandford, Cain, Fowlow, Jackman and Barbour in its hardy sealing list. Such names as Woods, Rouse and Cunningham in its pulpits abroad, and Wood, Curtis and O'Reilly in its pulpits at home. With such names as these we think we have room for gratification.

We do not all agree as to how things should be done, or as to how the country should be ruled. But we do all agree that we have a good country and a good people. The morals of our land will compare favourably with any other place, while the industry of its people cannot be gainsayed. Could we learn to regard ourselves a little more, and exhibit more respect for those of opposite sides, we would show ourselves more wise in the eyes of the world than is possible at present. The extremes to which partyism is carried in our daily press is not at all honourable. The battle could and can be fought without so much personal abuse. There is no occasion for it. Men will differ while this side the millenium. When rulers of a land are called legalized robbers, when merchants are called bounty-seekers and grinding monopolists, there must certainly be something wrong somewhere. We may think lightly of these things. We may say that they are only politics, only partyism. But lightly as we may think of them they will yet effect us. They cannot but bring forth some harvest, and the harvest of such sowing is not desirable. To incense commerce against government, and labour against capital ; to continue daily issuing vile scandal at those who lead, is not only detrimental to the sentiments of the people, but also degrading to the honour and power of the press.

The press is the great educator of the day. It has a more far-reaching influence than the pulpits of our christianity. It issues daily from its type

the unknown and unspoken volumes of the thinker. These volumes enter into the solitude of the spot called home, and these homes contain all that is sacred to humanity. If, then, the press is of such tremendous importance. If it sway such a mighty influence—if open to it lies the bosom of our homes—then in the name of all that is patriotic or humane, we say, let the press be clean.

We admire the independence of these papers. They give us what we long lacked—daily news. They have even opened their columns to all temperance and moral reforms. They have done a good work, but in their politics they go too far. There is no occasion for such extremes. We speak of our press because it affects us. At the hour of issue the public eagerly watch for it. They watch for it to get it, they get it to read it, they read it to be influenced and effected by it, the influence and effect of it will entirely depend on its contents. This influence does not end at home, for these papers are sent to friends far and near, and when they find us saying such hard things about ourselves, can we wonder if they say and think the same. We would not like the outside world to think that we were dishonest, that we were boodlers, or that we were grinders of the poor. No! we want them to think well of us, so that our credit may be good. What we sow, we will reap. Therefore if we condemn ourselves we cannot blame others if they do it also.

Outside of this extreme partyism we admire these papers. They give good, racy news; good local items; excellent shipping and marine statistics, and general good selections. They are bright and well planned in their business capacity. The paper is good and the print satisfactory. They are well adapted to publish the affairs of this colony, for the welfare of its people and the common good of all. We admire everything, but condemn the extremes to which they go in politics. This chapter is already long; and enough has been said. Let us then love our country, and respect ourselves. Before us lies the land, it should be our duty to make it the best land of any. While, then, we have our different sides, we should bear in mind that other people's rights are sacred to, and by respecting them, we respect also "Ourselves."

To know thyself, and have thy side, is right;

To think thou knowest all, and no one else a thing, is wrong.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## OUR AGED FISHERMEN.

I have spoken of the country, its roads and buildings, etc., and had decided that topics enough had been dealt with for the present ; but now that I have finished, it seems I have only begun, for different things arise which give space for much useful expression of thought. Among these, I feel that a few words on behalf of our aged fishermen will not be out of place. We have been all taught to honour age ; and when we see young men pay respect to grey hairs, we see something which indicates true manhood ; and on the contrary, when we see them make light of old age, and smile at its peculiarities and weakness, we have beheld that which is unworthy the name of manhood.

I have stated in one of the preceding chapters, that each place had its veteran, who was looked upon as the patriarch of the village. True, they are such ; but many of them are not in that condition worthy their age. I speak now mostly of the outports, where the persons I saw had led quiet, peaceable and law-abiding lives. When visiting a strange place, the sick and neglected are generally found out. The old are often met with on the road, and it requires no words to learn their circumstances. The infirm body signals many struggles, while tattered garments proclaim their poverty. To pass them without a kind word, would be outside the teaching of Christianity, therefore, like the apostles at the temple gate, we stop : not to give silver and gold, but such as we have, which at times may be but a brotherly grasp of the hand, followed by sympathetic words. Such acts may not appear very great in a worldly sense, but they tell the weary pilgrim that is not wholly forgotten.

Some time ago, while visiting a small place, a very old man was met. His poverty was aggravated by his untidy and uncleanly condition. In his somewhat withered hand he held a stick, and by its aid moved slowly on. Life's storms had done their work on his thinly clad and shattered form. yet his heart was soft, for down his weather beaten cheeks rolled hot tears,

when held by the hand and spoken to. He was very old. The companions of his life had all passed before him, and like some long-standing rampike of the forest, he stood alone, a sort of by-mark of his generation.

When leaving him I took his hand, and with all the humanity of my being, and Christianity of soul, I looked into his face, and repeated the words of this beautiful, and to him suitable, hymn,—

"A few more storms shall beat, On this wild, rocky shore,  
And we shall be where storms are not, And surges swell no more."

"A few more suns shall set, O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not, A far serener clime."

I dropped his withered hand, and said 'Good bye, God bless you, sir.' He returned his blessing, and we parted. I dare say, by this time his sun has set, burying in oblivion his eighty years. His whole life had been spent in the business of the colony, living along plain and honest; but, like the most of humanity, he had nothing to fall back upon. Hence his poverty and neglect. Several such cases are to be found among the outports; and now that I am writing this book in the interests of my country and people, I think that a plea, on behalf of our aged fishermen, will not be amiss.

Our land is well supplied with public buildings and institutions. We are proud of them. When visiting them we feel thankful that such provision is made for the sick and afflicted. These institutions are an honour to our public works, and the condition in which they are kept a monument to those in charge. We are well satisfied with the general provision made by the Government in these institutions; but in all cases there are exceptions, and so with some of those old fishermen. They have lived all their lifetime in an outport; their associations are there, and they are accustomed to the freedom of such a life. Though old and feeble, they still manage to get about, and enjoy as best they can the hours of their declining years. They would rather stay in their quiet village home than come to St. John's and enter the Poor Asylum. Such a life is almost an imprisonment to them. In many cases this is all that can be done, but in some places they could be left where they are, had they a little more annual allowance. At present they receive the sum of fifty cents a week, which annually amounts to a large item in the aggregate. If this sum could be increased a little, with the additional bounty of a suit of warm homespun, a pair of good strong boots, with some underclothing, the life of these men would be made much happier.

These old fishermen have all done their part to help build our out-ports up. They prosecuted the fisheries when large voyages were killed, and men had not the appliances of the present. They served as master and servant, but are now unfit for either. The country owes much to them, and therefore it is hoped that something more will be done on their behalf. To see them in tattered garments, and broken cast-off shoes is not honourable. They are worth better, and a little more should be allowed them.

Their condition reminded us of the old ships and schooners, which lie stranded on the beaches of almost every harbour along our coast. These vessels once sailed 'neath spreading canvas, brave men once manned their decks and steered their course. They had profitable voyages and losing ones. They sailed on, voyage after voyage, until they began to get old, and show signs of weakness, and were finally beached, being unfit for further use. There they lie, the relics of past trade and commerce, telling the passer-by that once they sailed these same waters, o'er which he now steams. These old vessels and old fishermen are much alike. They both buffeted the storms of Neptune, and now they rest by the wayside of life.

In closing, we therefore appeal for them. Let them not be forgotten. They once were young, as we are now. Soon they will be gone, and we be like them. Many of these, like "the last rose of summer," inherit this dark world alone. Let, then, their inheritance be brightened by the helping hand of the Government.

Those aged veterans of the stormy past, are of the present too :  
And still have claims upon the land for which they toiled,  
When health and strength, and manhood's worth was theirs.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CANDIDATES VERSUS ELECTORS.

The world's records tell of many battles. There is no nation but has had its conflicts, in which have fallen the heroes of its army. We could expect to find a difference between the wars of Christian nations and heathen, but taken on the whole it is the one thing. They aim at the same object, and end in the same way—the destruction of their fellow beings. The chief difference between them is, that the one does so in the spirit of prayer, while the other does so in that of revenge. It sometimes seems ridiculous to pray over the slaughter of fellow mortals, but when it is on the defensive side war cannot be well avoided.

But there are other conflicts than those of armies, where men meet and take opposite sides. Within the human breast conflicts of right and wrong are fought, and such struggles require at times the whole will-power of the man to decide in the right. The struggles of the heart who can tell? How little we know of each other's efforts in the endeavour to do right, and how ready we are to condemn our brother, because, to us, he has apparently done or gone wrong. Christianity as practised at the present almost entirely overlooks the injunction of the Master, when in His sermon on the mount, He said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We have so far forgotten this as to take delight in bringing people up for what they do. We talk to them as if we were the sole judges of what does not belong to us. We even worry ourselves about other people's business to the neglect of our own. It seems a pity that some of us were not born judges, for we would be certain to do our duty. We are so energetic now about what does not concern us, and for which we are not paid, that we would almost turn the world upside down if we were on the bench and getting a salary. This is what we do, and yet profess Christianity; while its author and founder would not judge between a man and his brother; for did He not say, "Man, who made me a judge or a ruler over thee." But we do differently. We seem to be a privileged sort of

people, having a sole right to fit Christianity to ourselves, instead of ourselves to Christianity. We make it bow down to us instead of we bowing down to it, and therefore we can go beyond its teaching, and become judge and jury in the case of our opponents.

But we must leave national conflicts and personal struggles by coming to the topic of the chapter. To understand a battle fully would require experience as a soldier. Still the artist or newspaper correspondent who stands in the distance, sees really more of what is going on than those engaged. So in our experience. We are but novices in politics and election campaigns. As the Hon. Robert Bond said, on the platform at Trinity, "We have not got our political bib on yet, nor have we received our baptismal fire." But we have passed through one campaign, and for many years have read in the daily papers the description of how "fields were fought and won." With this experience it occurs to us that both sides of the field lower their dignity. By both sides we mean, not these of government and opposition, but of candidate and voter.

Some one must govern the country, and before they can do so they must have authority, and this can only be procured with election by the will of the people. True, the people like to hear stirring speeches from, and see the men who ask their support. Yet after all so much speeching is unnecessary. One good, impartial address to the electors, in which the candidate keeps his proper place as such, by avoiding any undue remarks against his opponent should be sufficient. It was hoped that the "Ballot Act" had done away with so much speeching, but we have been somewhat disappointed, for there seemed to be more of it the last election than ever before. It is a terrible task for a candidate of either side to have to get around a district of one hundred or two hundred miles in the month of November, and yet it is done. But it seems to be self-imposed, for to be nominated at head quarters would do just as well. The candidate would save much labour and expense. He would not be lowering his dignity by asking people for their support to represent them. Why should any candidate couch to any people? Some one must do the work for them, and it is time that some of the electors knew how to listen to men who seek their suffrage. It is not because a man becomes a candidate that people must insult him. If they don't want him, the place to say so is at the poles. They should not do things to candidates of which any man would feel ashamed, and from which manhood would shrink.

It is a very easy thing to meet a member who seeks re-election, and

insult him, and then try to hinder him from getting a decent hearing : and when it is all over, go to a prayer meeting, and pray about it. It is very easy to look up in a candidate's face, and "boo" at him to such an extent that the candidate informed the "boo-man" that he would make a fine fog horn. It is very easy to dictate to a candidate, and insult him as he speaks, and nod your head sideways, like a yelping dog, while you threaten to give him your ideas when he is finished : and then when he is finished, rise up and go out, and refuse to come back, when honourably challenged, Such actions as these are out of the line of honest political campaigns, and the sooner our people are told about it the better. Abuse is not argument at any time, nor is sauce on politics necessary. What I have here mentioned as happening, has really taken place. In two of the cases, I saw the men as they acted, and although one of them was on the side I assisted, I disapproved of it, and disapprove of it still ; and were I offered the premiership of my country to-morrow, and it could not be procured without my supporters indulging in such conduct, I would rather remain where I am, than accept it from the election by such means and men.

How some of the people I met can reconcile their contemptible, unmanly conduct, with their church-going, is to me a mystery. They have yet to learn that Christianity has its place in elections, as well as in churches, and the sooner they bring it there, and practise it, the better.

But there is room for reform on all sides. The idea most electors have of a candidate, is the same as that which a fisherman has of a merchant. He thinks that the candidate cannot do without him, and why he does so is, because his support is sought in a manner that indicates it. If some of the hand-shaking and humility exemplified at election campaigns could be carried out during the four years of office, the candidate would be in a position to stand before his constituents with greater independence. The most becoming time to show dignity is as a candidate ; but the most becoming time to show humility, is when serving as representative. We say, then, that there is room for reform on both sides, and it is hoped the future political conflicts will be free from the unnecessary political insults, which candidates on both sides have had heaped upon them. It is not because a man differs from us in his opinion, as to who should rule the land, that we should be at enmity with him. It is not because a gentleman on the platform seeks re-election, on a different policy from mine, that I must forget his right, as man and citizen. If such have been the politics of the past, we say, away with them forever. Let us take our side, but not forget there are other sides : and when the battle is fought, give our blessing to the winners, so that they may do their best for the land and people over which they rule.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him :

"If he thirst, give him drink."

—The Scriptures.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## FICTION VERSUS FACT.

We are getting so accustomed to fiction that we are beginning to forget fact. Time was when we almost dreaded the thought of the novel, but now we stand reversed, and almost dread the thought of the real. Fact and fiction are now so closely allied that, like the wheat and chaff of the parable, they must both grow together until the truth shall separate them. Weeds in a garden soon gain the mastery when once they are permitted to take root, and so with trashy books, they take the place of standard works; and at the present moment many of the libraries in our reading rooms and Sunday schools are below standard; which, if the Master were to judge, he would again act as he did in the temple in the days of His flesh, by scourging those who turned the use of sacrificial offerings into an unlawful merchandise.

We boast of the age of reading, but what do we read? How many of modern readers are versed in the common outlines of national or ancient history? How many of our school boys can tell the facts of sacred history? They cannot do it, and why? Because they do not properly learn it, and yet they work hard, but they only learn to forget, because they are aiming at so many things that they become surface scholars, whose learning, like their examinations, becomes a thing of the past.

Books are ever increasing, but useful, general knowledge is not. We are becoming so accustomed to light, sensational literature, that we are hardly able to digest the facts of standard writers. The issue of books could well be stopped for awhile, and people take time to learn what they really want, and what is really useful. One of the best educators of the day is the newspaper, and were it not for its extreme political debates it would carry double the power it does. Since the inception of the *Telegram*—which has the honour of being the first regular evening paper to successfully fill the long-felt want of evening news—with the *Mercury* (now *Herald*)

which soon followed. We have read in each of their columns many of the chief facts of national history, many of the chief sayings of standard authors, and the best quotations from the poets. But to know the real meaning of these quotations the reader requires to be versed in the literature from which they are taken. This literature is not in the list of present day fiction but in that of historic, standard fact, which men wrote more for the good of their times, their nation, their country, and their principles, than themselves.

What possible object can half the trash of the present day have in being published? It may be to instruct, but it proves mostly to entertain, and leaves very little for the reader's meditation. The author may be the better, but the world is the worse, because precious time has been bestowed on "that which is not bread, and that which satisfieth not." We have read various sorts of books, and have derived good from them all. Each one did its part in fitting the writer for his present task; but those he found most useful, for practice and theory, were books of fact. Fiction has its place in the shadows of fact. It is very good as an illustrator, by way of symbol or parable. It was in such a way as this that the Great Teacher used it: and as a lesser light to add lustre to a greater, and as a small means to a great end. He put fact first, and then used fiction as its hand-maid. While in that position it was useful, and still gives power to His doctrine. But we have changed the order, and instead of using fiction as an illustration of fact, we are using fact as an illustration of fiction. Instead of using much fact with little fiction, we use little fact with much fiction. In plain words, the great bulk of modern writers largely produce works of fiction, which the many read; while the few turn carefully the page of historic fact. The majority seem to read and write for entertainment, and the minority for instruction. Entertainment only amuses for the time being, and then leaves a void, a longing for more, a wishing it had been longer, and a desire for repetition. In a word, most of our entertainments, while they satisfy for the present, generally leave us more dissatisfied in the end, but not so with useful reading. It does a double work, and answers a double purpose. While it entertains, it also instructs, and when the book is closed, there is something added to the mental store-house, which instead of producing a vacuum, fills it.

Fiction is in the ascendancy, for we are putting it foremost. True, we strike the truth in such works. They teach their lessons, and have their moral. But why go this round about way to learn fact? Why put it

through the labyrinth of doubt and suspense? Why produce it as something which we fear to make known? Are facts scarce? Is there nothing left for the present generation to learn? Is all the fact gone out of the world? And does fiction reign supreme? Have we learned of our nation, our country, or ourselves? Have we read of this body of ours—this piece of mechanism, which Job spoke of as being “fenced with sinews and flesh,” and the Psalmist declared to be “fearfully and wonderfully made”? While we read these empty trashy novels, let us ask ourselves, if we have done our duty in the perusal of more important matters? What about our physical manhood? What about its passions, its desires, and its demands? Are we doing our duty to our bodies? Which is the leader, body or mind? Is the mind master, with the body the servant? If so, then we are upside down, and in bondage to every passion of the fallen flesh. Man’s superiority is in his mentality, and until that mentality has the preëminence over his lower nature, he cannot be his own master.

We don’t seem to know these things; but how can we know them when we have not learned them, and how can we learn them, when we give our time to the reading of idle tales? These tales have gained the victory, and left the reader the unsatisfactory heritage of longing for more. Hence he finds himself a discontented being, with a body ungoverned, and an intellect unsatisfied.

We don’t wonder at these things. It is the custom and fashion of the times to do so, and until some mighty change, which will shake the very foundation of habit and custom takes place, we may make our minds easy, and rest satisfied with things as they are. Society is far from happiness, and only the few have peace within. It cannot be any other way. The custom of society is out of order, and men won’t stop to think about it. They are satisfied with the fleeting, gaudy, gilded pleasures of sensation, and are so absorbed in gratifying the demands of the body, that the soul is forgotten. They go through life with (as I heard one of the Redemptorist fathers say) starved souls.

We are in a world of fact, and yet we feed on fiction. We have an abundance of reality, but ignore its existence by grasping at shadows. We say then that fiction has too great a place in the reading circle of the present, and that we are drifting from the old land-marks of standard writings, thereby losing our patriotism in not being versed in historic fact,

The world and nation;  
Yea, we ourselves,  
Are fact mysterious,

## CHAPTER XXV.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

From time to time we get the privilege of reading in some foreign paper, a description of the land in which we live, for outsiders profess to know more about it than the inhabitants.

It is the same with countries as individuals, others know more about them than they know themselves. I have always learned more about myself from someone else, than I could otherwise find out ; and I heard more about Newfoundland, outside of it, than I ever heard in it. The idea our neighbours have of our country and people is incredulous. We are not such a great distance from them, but yet appear to them as an inferior race of beings, without education, law or order. This has been plainly stated by the *Boston Post*, and copied in one of our evening papers a few days ago.

It would seem that some one is generally ready to come to the front, and show us up in colours most despicable and false. No sooner is one attack forgotten, than another is made, and thus it continues, and will continue, until some practical effort be made to stop such calumny. How any man can visit our outports, with their whitewashed buildings, their garden patches, their neat churches, and view them — even the worst of them — and then describe them as tilts and huts, can only be explained by supposing that the writer was intent on defaming the land, its people and their interests. To such a degree is this carried out that our position is similar to a target, at which marksmen shoot, with the intention of striking. If some of those strangers who annually visit our shores, were warned of what has been said in the past, they would, perhaps, be more cautious in the opinions they express about us. It is time we were spoken the truth about, and an effort made to place our "Island Home" in her true position before the outside world. The most erroneous ideas are entertained concerning us ; and even now, with all our steam communication and outside correspondence : with an ever increasing mail service, with every

accommodation for visitors : with all this, we are still wronged, and vilely slandered by misrepresentation. Those who do it would be expected to know better, but whether they do or not, they speak of us in language which holds us up to the world as a spectacle of misery, woe and destitution. A stranger reading these accounts cannot but form a most unfavorable opinion as to our condition and mode of living. The North Pole does not present a more desolate aspect, to my mind, than this writer has given of Newfoundland. He has slandered us as a people in our social and domestic circles ; and at present no other place has heaped upon it such volumes of misrepresentation. We do not know the writer, but throw back his words, as unworthy any man or woman assuming to write for public information.

To illustrate what people think about us, and how they talk about us, and how they wrong us, I will record the following facts : Some thirteen years ago, at the age of twenty-three, I went on a six weeks' visit to Halifax. Shortly after my arrival there, I was introduced to several people, and one morning I was comfortably seated by my friend's fireside, when an elderly lady entered the room. As a matter of custom and etiquette, an introduction followed, in which my friend remarked that I was from Newfoundland. The lady responded, that I "had been there, but did not belong there." I said "Yes, I am a native of that country," to which she again responded, by saying, "Indeed ! I did not think that a young man like you would belong to Newfoundland." I did not say much, but her statement contained volumes for me to think about. Shortly after this, I spent an afternoon with one of the many friends I had made. While doing so a gentleman came in, who proved very talkative. He had too much talk, for he kept all the other members of the company listening to him. I had learned that "next to a good speaker, came a good listener," and not having much to say at any time, I had less when in a strange place, and therefore listened to this chatty gentleman. My chief reasons for so doing were, that I considered he had talk enough for all present, and as his theme was "Newfoundland," from which he had just returned, I was doubly interested. He was a quick talker, but did not seem to possess tact or observation enough to detect the attitude of some in the audience. I had left St. John's at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve. The day was one of warmth, which produced sloppy streets. He spoke a lot of what he saw on water street, on Christmas Eve, and from what he stated, I knew he was truthful. I therefore accepted the many things he continued to say

about the financial affairs of our business men. He knew, or professed to know, the whole business of water street, and must have been a favoured individual, to get so far within the inner circle of other people's business. After he had monopolised the afternoon, he left, but never surmised that the one who had the least to say, knew every shop and firm he spoke about. To my knowledge, I have never seen him since, but perhaps he still comes here. He was engaged in the travelling agency business. However, I learned more about the private business of water street during that afternoon than ever before; nor have I learned as much since. It seemed strange that I should go so far to be instructed in matters of my every day life, and learn from an outsider the financial condition and standing of men, at whose counters I had made purchases, and whose faces I had studied from childhood. I have never spoken of this circumstance any further than to say in conversation, that "I learned more of St. John's and its business men, in one hour, while sitting in a house in Halifax, than I had heard for a life-time." This will illustrate how people talk about us. This gentleman did not say one word against us, because if he had, he would not have got clear until he had learned that Newfoundland was incarnated in his presence. What took my attention was his over familiarity with our business men's private financial affairs. Among the many he mentioned, was a commercial gentleman, now deceased, on whose business standing he appeared to be an authority in every detail.

While going to Halifax, our steamer, the *Canima*, put into Louisburg for coals. While there we were storm-bound, and thought seriously of paying a visit to the ancient Louisburg, which was the capital of Canadian possessions, under the reign of Louis XIV. of France. To be anywhere near the ruins of such an historic spot, connected as it was by being founded by Louis XIV., would cause the commonest reader of history to hasten to the scene. The distance is only a few miles, but I did not feel like risking it, as "discretion is the greater part of valour." My time was accordingly spent in and about modern Louisburg, which is a place very like our Topsail, only that it has a fine coal drop, and a few stores on the opposite side. While doing so I met a man and fell in conversation with him. He took me to his house, located in the middle of a field, and gave me some milk. He was about forty-seven years of age, and had in his home his father and mother — or rather it was their home, and he was still with them. At that time the Irish question was assuming importance, and Parnell was merging into prominence in connection with it. The old

gentleman asked me if I had any late news on the Irish question. I told him I had not much ; but that the last telegraphic despatches I saw when leaving home, were of an encouraging nature on behalf of the measure. This led into general conversation, during which he learned my whereabouts and belongings : but like many others, he did not think that Newfoundland was such a place, and had such people.

These are facts which came under my own observation ; and when reading such erroneous stories as were lately clipped from the *Boston Post*, I feel that we must give a bold response to those who misrepresent us. I have travelled a large portion of my native land, and have done work enough during the last ten years to live by it : but it has never brought me one cent., but cost me many—save six weeks last summer ; and I mean to work for the benefit of the weak and fallen, and am willing to be unknown and unheard, but am not willing to have my country slandered by pens dipped in gall, by those who know her not. I write this defence, because I know the condition of our people, and have visited the humblest and poorest houses, both in St. John's and out of it. My whole life has been spent in such work, and therefore I assert, that not more than five per cent. of our people are in a condition any thing like that writer's statement.

At Victoria Village there are a few tilts which are a standing disgrace to us as a people. It may be that the writer saw these and decided that he had a safe criterion from which to judge. I have more than seen these tilts, for I have entered them, and will here say that had I means to-morrow, I would change the lot of at least one family whom I visited. These tilts are right in the highway of public traffic between Carbonear, in Conception Bay, and Heart's Content, in Trinity Bay. Strangers and tourists visiting our country, very often pass that way, and they cannot but feel horrified at the reality, that human beings occupy the sights they see. It is these few tilts, scattered here and there, that have given rise to such false ideas being generally entertained about us, and until some steps be taken to remove these I here mention, they will continue to impress strangers with an idea which cannot be favourable to us. Two years ago I wrote in the *Evening Herald*, on this same question, and was greatly pleased when passing through this village a few weeks ago, to see a new church in course of erection. If the Government could see its way clear to remove these few tilts, which are exposed to every passer-by, it would bestow a lasting blessing on the people, and lift from us their present re-

proach. I think if our Premier had seen them, he would have them removed. I know I would, were I even less than the Premier.

My book is now in the hands of the printer, and this chapter is added for the purpose of contradicting these false statements, by showing whoever reads it, that Newfoundland has, in addition to her scenery and fertility, clean, tidy, comfortable homes.

Let me repeat, then, in closing, that I know the habits and condition of our people, I know them, because I have seen for myself, and am in a position to affirm that their condition far surpasses that of crowded city life. I, therefore, contradict that writer, and if I knew him would do so face to face.

Our cottage homes along our shores  
Proclaim the taste of those within.

CHAPTER XXVI.

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**SUMMARY OF THE WORK DONE.**

The foregoing trip was taken on behalf of the Citizens' Temperance Association of St. John's; an organization which formed into working order last winter, and is composed of delegates from various other Temperance Societies and Orders.

The object of the mission was to appeal to the people of the outports to help us here in St. John's in the furtherance of Temperance legislation.

Public meetings were held at the following places during the space of six weeks, from the first of July to the 14th of August.

The Association is non-sectarian and non-political, and all the meetings were held and addressed on this basis.

As will be seen from the subjoined summary, men of different views in Church and State, occupied the chair.

At Bay St. George the C. of E. school room was placed at our service by the kindness of Rev. Mr. Jeffreys, and the highest appreciation shown for the work by his respected wife. The building was crowded, many being unable to gain admission. The chair was occupied by Capt. Hurst, who expressed himself as "ever willing to help us in our laudable work."

At the South side of this place, another public meeting was held in the Methodist school house. The chair was filled by Mr. Butt, sr., an old and respected inhabitant of the place, and a warm supporter in the good cause. Much kindness was shown by magistrate O'Dwyer and constable Goodland.

At Channel the C. of E. school room was placed at our disposal by the Board of Education, at the kind request of Rev. Mr. Godden. Mr. Arnold acted chairman, and a very good audience greeted the speaker. This was the first meeting held, and being called at very short notice, we felt that a fair beginning had been made. The attention was good, but we can never feel satisfied with the manner in which the audience were allowed to disperse.

At Burgeo two meetings were held in the large school hall, the use of which was given by Rev. Mr. Field, now of Trinity, East. He presided at both meetings, and among all held, none were better.

At Ramea two public meetings were held in the store of Messrs. Penny Bros. These gentlemen did all in their power for the comfort of the visitor and the good of the undertaking. Nearly all the people of Ramea attended both meetings.

At Harbour Briton two very enthusiastic meetings were held in the Court House, which was placed at our use by the liberality of magistrate Hubert, father of the late Dr. Hubert. At the second meeting the people were so in earnest that they came forward at their own choice, and signed their names for Prohibition.

At Rose Blanche, Mr. Ridout kindly offered a store for public meeting, but at the counsel of the Rev. Mr. Bailey—now of St. John's—we decided that a public meeting was not necessary. He, however, decided to preach a temperance sermon on his own lines.

At Boxey a small gathering was addressed in the cook room, placed at our use by Mr. Studly, of Grand Bank, who was conducting business there for the summer.

At English Harbour a meeting was held in the C. of E. school house, it being procured from the teacher, Mr. Stratten; who also acted chairman, besides showing kindness to the speaker in procuring him comfortable lodgings.

At St. Jacques a good audience greeted us in the government store, on the public wharf. In this place we heard some of the most encouraging remarks of the campaign.

At Belleoram a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Fisherman's Hall, which was freely given by the trustees, at the direction of Mr. W. Smith, the esteemed school teacher, and son of the Rev. Walter Smith, of Portugal Cove. This young man presided at the meeting, and did all in his power to bring about the success attending the effort.

At Garnish a public meeting was addressed in the S. A. Barracks, and a large audience turned out to greet the stranger.

At Burin three meetings were held. The first in Temperance Hall, at Collins' Cove, was presided over by Mr. John E. Collins. The second was held at Path End, in the Fisherman's Hall, which was hired, the chair was taken by Mr. Thomas Hussey. This was the first temperance meet-

ing ever held at Path End, and although the audience was very small, we felt that the ice had been broken, and that some future meeting would be better. The third meeting was held at Spoon Cove, in the Methodist school room; Mr. Goddard acted as chairman; the audience was large, and attested their approval by paying strict attention for an hour-and-a-half. The last meeting was held at Placentia; the Court House was offered by the kindness and liberality of magistrate O'Reilly, a strong advocate for temperance reform, and father of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of St. John's. After due consideration we decided to hire the Star of the Sea Hall, which was procured at a very reasonable figure. The Rev. Father Clancey, P.P., readily agreed to preside. The audience was very large, and entire satisfaction was expressed from all sides.

This finished the campaign, and now that we review it, we feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to all those who so readily stretched forth the hand of brotherly love to a passing stranger.

The trip was a profitable one, but in some instances almost too much for one person. To get into a harbour unknown and somewhat unexpected, the first duty would be to procure a place of meeting, then the chairman, and then talk the meeting up. By the time this was sometimes done, a rest would be more desirable than an hour's talking; but this was our work, and no lack on our part would ever cause that work to suffer. We have done the human part, and now leave to Him who rules on high the harvest of our labours. Amen.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## ADDITIONAL SUMMARY OF WORK DONE.

## EDUCATIONAL.

One of the great hopes of our future is the education of the children. They will be the future men and women of business, trade and traffic ; gradually merging to the front to fill the vacancies of those who will have slipped off the stage of action.

To fit them for these positions in life will require education. They must be taught by those who have already learned. It is the teacher's office to teach, but the scholars to learn. The lack of education was one of the drawbacks of the past. Separated as our people were, into small settlements, they found it difficult to procure a proper system of education ; things are now much better, and the children of to-day have at their disposal chances which their fathers had not.

We have the various Boards of Education, with their scholastic and energetic superintendents, annually labouring to extend the blessings of their work throughout the land. The educational advantages of the present far surpasses those of twenty years ago, and still they continue to improve as the years roll on. Our educational boards are a fulcrum of moral and intellectual force, still progressing, until finally they shall amalgamate, and give to Newfoundland one common school for one common people. Could our educational authorities, or our legislature, give to the small outports one good school with a teacher decently paid, they would confer upon teacher and taught a benefit lasting in its results. While we felt glad to see our small places supplied with the means of common education, we also felt that one school would be better than two, and in some cases three. In one harbour, not far from St. John's, two schools were visited, and nine scholars composed the first, and twenty the second. All these scholars would not compose a fair school, and we are certain that both salaries put together would not be any too much for either of the teachers, both of whom were men. This is how we now stand, but we are

advancing, and entertain high hopes that a remedy in some of these special cases will soon take place. With so much unnecessary division we lessen our power, and at the same time tax our educational grants with useless and uncalled for liabilities.

It was the writer's privilege to visit some of our schools while passing in and out the various harbours, and as he was always well received by the teachers—male and female—it may not be out of place to give the following summary :

At Bay St. George, South-side, the Methodist school taught by Miss Mathews.

At Channel, the Methodist school taught by Miss Forsey. It was intended to visit the C. of E. school also, but at the time at our disposal the Rev. Dr. Pilot was conducting examinations, and we did not care to obtrude.

At Burgeo, the large C. of E. school taught by Mr. Summerton, assisted by Miss Ash. Here we saw a little girl, aged six, perform a perfect exercise in dictation. Only that we watched her write, while the teacher—her father—gave it out, we could not be persuaded that one so young could write so perfectly.

At Ramea, a small school taught by Mr. Kensella, under C. of E. board.

At Pushthrough, the C. of E. school taught by Mr. Saunders. Here we found the best average attendance of any school visited.

At Harbour Briton, the C. of E. school taught by Mr. Sutton. Here the best penmanship of all these schools was seen in the writing of Miss Simms. We also visited the Convent school, and were kindly received by the sisters. They showed some paintings and drawings—the work of Miss Hubert—and as far as our knowledge of art goes, we congratulate both teachers and student.

At Belleoram, the C. of E. school taught by Mr. W. Smith, son of Rev. Walter Smith, of Portugal Cove. This is a large school, and the scholars showed good training, and sang several pieces with much spirit and precision.

At Burin, the Methodist school taught by Mr. Halfyard, where we saw bright scholars, sitting in a splendid school room.

In all these schools were seen the boys and girls who, in a few years' time, will have grown up to manhood and womanhood. Before them is life's battle, with its unsolved mysteries and untrodden paths.

We cannot predict their future, we would not if we could ; but this we can predict, that if they are well fitted for the battle, well prepared for the contest, they will come off victorious.

At each of these schools a short address was given, in which the speaker endeavoured to impress upon the scholars the importance of education, and the need of acquiring it while young.

He who would fill his place in life, with honour,  
Must fit himself for that place.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

We have endeavoured to condense our remarks in distinct sentences. There may be some unnecessary words, but we don't think there are any unnecessary clauses. The writer does not believe in many words. The division of Christianity to which he belongs, at whose rail he was baptised, and in whose interests he works, has in its rules one, which forbids much talking in buying and selling. In his business career he has carried that out, and proved it good, and now that he has written this pamphlet, he is still satisfied to apply the rule.

There is too much lost time between buyer and seller, and volumes of words are wasted in bargaining about nothing. Often when standing at some counter, and seeing a clerk about to lose his patience, at the tedious inconsistency of the would-be purchaser, we have felt that this rule could afford somewhat more ventilation. Much time and many words are wasted over very trifling transactions, which end in the customer going out the door with the money in his pocket, instead of in the cash desk, while the clerk patiently replaces the pile of well exhibited goods. Cases like this are of too frequent occurrence. Perhaps we take the advantage because we see in the window the notice "No trouble to show goods," or "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." Business men of every grade know what it is to be bored by individuals who place no value on their own time, and think that other people's hours are to be wasted, by listening to their drivelling eloquence. There are some who almost seem to think that they were born to be listened to. A good outspoken sermon from each of our pulpits would not be out of place on this question.

Many people have yet to learn that young men behind counters are not incarnations of patience. Nor should they be expected to be. Some seem to forget, that goods handled over a counter do not turn into gold, and that time is money every day. Could we remember these things, we would greatly assist in shortening the long hours of the draper's assistant,

We sometimes blame the proprietor for the long hour system, while at the same time we do all we can to make any other system impossible. Buyers think nothing of taking half an hour to make a purchase which could honestly be effected in ten minutes, and the profits on which are scarcely sufficient to pay the insurance on the length of time. We think very little of telling the seller he can make his goods cheaper, when we have seen on his bill-heads the motto "No second price." In a word, we do all we can to waste the time of an establishment, and then wonder why the clerks have to stay in so late at night. We would almost sign a petition to get them off earlier, but we are not willing to do it in a practical manner. Business can be done so as to allow our young men to get clear at eight or nine o'clock in the busy season; but while buyers are so hard to please, it is impossible. They like much talking about their transactions, and, therefore the Assistants Association will have to appeal to them, and not to their employers.

It is customary to talk much in business, and what is customary is difficult to overcome. This is often illustrated in our remarks about the weather. We are so accustomed to saying, "It is a fine day," that often when rain is pattering on the flooded streets, and the sky dark with storm, we, on meeting some acquaintance, will salute him by saying "Splendid day," and so strong is the force of habit, that the acquaintance will answer, "Yes, splendid day, indeed." By this time we have passed each other, when, on discovering our mistake, we feel ashamed, and whistle and hum, so as to hide our discomfiture. Such is the force of habit. It is done without thinking, and so with many words in business, like the goods we wish to purchase, they are undervalued.

We trust that the reader will not find a superfluity of words in this pamphlet. What has been stated is only what the writer saw, and what he thought when he saw it, and what he still thinks. Every man has his own ideas, and he has not the shadow of a doubt, as to the value of his country, and her future development. He has only seen part of that country yet, but hopes to see it all. To see the valley of Exploits, and give to his countrymen his idea of its future. The records of these pages are but a faint outline of the places in question. The scenery and hills — some with perpetual snow — the lakes and ponds, the level patches of land, the thickly wooded hill-side, and the rich soft soil, with the moderate temperature of the atmosphere, all certify that Newfoundland will one day sustain a population twice as large as the present.

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While writing these pages, it was suggested that a few plates would be an improvement, by way of illustration. We agree they would; but the object of this pamphlet is to have it read, not looked at. Many of the present day publications are more in the line of art than literature. To look at the pictures is the object of some purchasers, but for the present we leave that to the children in the nursery. We have long followed St. Paul in these things, who, "when he was a child, thought as one; but when he became a man, he put away childish things." When you see a reader turning rapidly the pages of the book he peruses, and paying more attention to the pictures than the matter, you may rest assured that he is either a surface student, or else the book is a literary failure. We are not condemning art, we admire it: and had we the opportunity to-morrow, would visit the art galleries of the world. They are to be visited, but books are to be read. Not long ago the writer subscribed to a book, which was to be an account of Africa, with illustrations. It has mostly proved to be illustrations of Africa, with an account.

If this pamphlet will not satisfy the public, except it be embellished with illustrations, then the writer has failed in his intention. If his statements are not clear enough to interpret themselves, and describe what he saw, then he has failed in his first attempt to become an author. At the same time he may say, that should his work be approved of by the reading public, and their impartial verdict of its worth be encouraging, he will enlarge it to a book, with such illustrations and improvements as may be deemed necessary. His store of unwritten ideas is not exhausted, and as there are questions of importance, which some one, sooner or later, must deal with, he may yet take up his pen in their discussion. Our country must advance, and to assist in its advancement will require agitation on impartial and unbiased lines.

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It is not yet three weeks ago since he decided to publish his writings, so that his time for revision and classification has been short. Between the chapters and lines has been his business, to which he gives the preëminence of all earthly things. There is only one thing that goes before his work, and that is principle. When business cannot be kept in line with that, he has always found it best to let it drop.

Some one asked him once, if he had ever read *David Copperfield*? He replied that "he had, but did not require to do so for the purpose of

learning what life really was, because he lived *Copperfield* twice over in his own experience. Besides he thought that *David Copperfield* would be a better book, were it written in one third the words." The idea of a writer should not be to fill out so many pages by creating volume. Quantity should not be placed before quality. When travelling last summer, he saw on a table a book entitled 'Great Thoughts.' Such a lofty title gained perusal, but to the disappointment of the reader. Its chief contents were made up of negro tales, and witty anecdotes, containing some truth, but more trash. After turning over several pages the book was closed and laid in its place on the table, with the verdict that 'Small Thoughts' would be a more appropriate name. Many books are composed of gems buried in trash. To take a lot of anecdotes and string them together, with a little original matter between, is a very easy way to fill out pages and form a book: a much easier way than Solomon found.—*Eccles.*

Idle gibberish has no weight, and yet society abounds with it. We have seen people so anxious to talk—we would almost say prate—over their neighbours affairs, that it has been necessary to tell them to keep cool, and not get out of breath. Language is the crowning gift of the human race, and yet no gift has been so abused and prostituted. Those who must have their say about everything, are the persons to whom no attention is paid.

When looking over the history of our nation, or the States of the Union, we wonder if senators and commoners could not conduct their debates in fewer words and plainer language. Even if we come to our own legislature we can apply the same thought. When we hear of members talking for hours, when less would do, we say of such, that they are but the obstructionists of the land over which they rule and the people they represent. Dictation is not legislation, nor is quibbling opposition. If so, then, it is second-hand opposition. One firm stand, backed up by a square, positive No! is worth half the speeches given. To waste the time of any government by unnecessary cavil or dispute, is to put the colony to unnecessary expense. Legislators meet to do the business of the country, and should do so with as little hindrance as possible. If we aim to rule people, the best way to prove our fitness for it is to show them that we rule ourselves: for the proverb of the wise King is still true, viz., "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Long dictating speeches in our House of Assembly have the same effect as long sermons in our churches; they miss the mark aimed at, and

cause the hearer to be no longer a listener, while they give the speaker unnecessary labour. It is said of Napoleon that on one occasion his army faltered and grew faint; it was on the eve of one of his most important victories; to hesitate would have meant defeat. He called a halt, and marshalled his mighty army around him; for twenty minutes he addressed them with living words of zeal and patriotism, and then commanded the bugle sound of forward! His army moved on, renewed and cheered by their leader's words; hence it is said, "that in a speech of twenty minutes Napoleon conquered Europe."

Let us say, in conclusion, that we believe in our country; she is yet destined to take her place in the trade and commerce of British North America. We say trade and commerce, but not in government; ever let us hold sacred and inviolate that priceless gem called Responsible Government; to once forfeit it would be to forever lose it. By our geographical position we are in the highway of ocean traffic; we are the key of the St. Lawrence, and cannot be overlooked in the matter of short line travelling. Our destiny is largely in our own hands, for what we do to-day tells on us to-morrow. As some unknown writer has well said:

"Our deeds are travelling with us from afar,  
And what we have been makes us what we are."

Our country's history has been well written; and soon will be added another volume by his honour, Judge Prowse; we say well-written, but we fear not a bit too well read. If we are to know her worth we should read her history; and we therefore appeal to our young men, to our young women, and to ourselves as a people, to read more in the future than we have in the past. Books are written at a cost of much labour and deep thought; and the highest reward an author can have is to know his writings are read. We bespeak, then, a large circulation for the coming new work. Judge Prowse has made its contents an almost life-long study, and we feel safe in saying that every man and woman will be the better of its perusal.

My work for the present is done. I have endeavoured to express my views in plain words. If the effort will do any good, my reward will be sufficient; and if my countrymen are satisfied with it, then I am satisfied also.

We've told our tale;  
But some day may tell more,  
Should more be learned.

THE END.

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